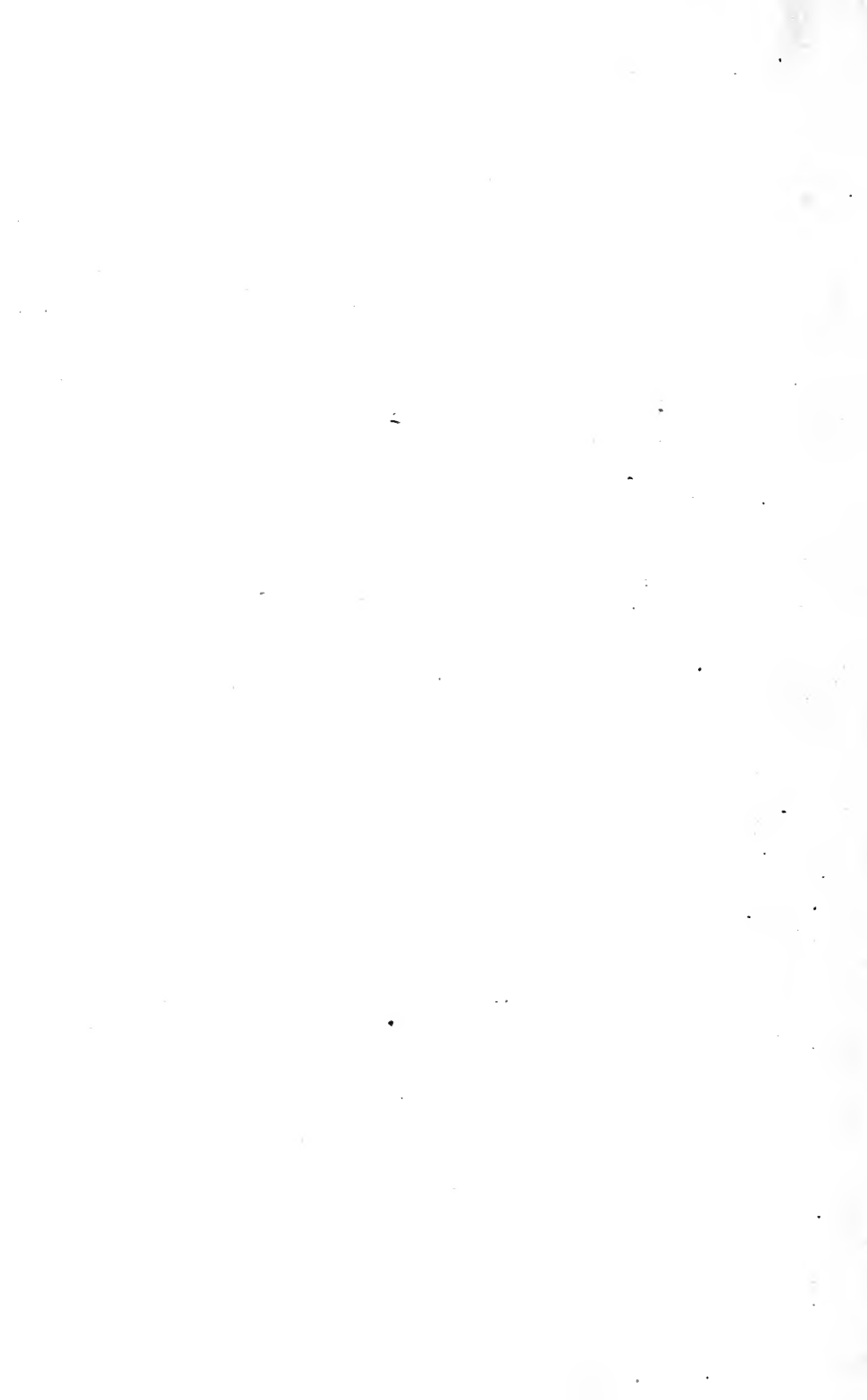


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# INVITING BYWAYS

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By S. M. PARKER

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S. M. Parker, author of "Tumbling Waters" and "Dying Embers," receiving from Homer Weatherbee (artist) a framed copy of an illustrated poem "Rainbow in the Sky" set to music by Mr. Weatherbee.

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## *Dedication*

To all those good people who so kindly assisted me in typing and arranging my poems for publication, I humbly and sincerely dedicate this book. A special thanks to my good friend Homer Weatherbee who sketched the drawings on the Covers of "Dying Embers" and this my latest book, "Inviting By Ways" and for his skill in arranging the selected musical scores for many of the poems. I am honoured and deeply grateful for his assistance.

*S. M. Parker*

## PREFACE TO "INVITING BYWAYS"

*by S. M. Parker*

Those who have read Mr. S. M. Parker's previous volumes of verse namely, "Tumbling Waters" and "Dying Embers" will recall that you were given a resume/ of Mr. Parker's life and achievements. In this preface to his latest volume, "Inviting Byways", I should like to comment upon our good friend, "Sid" as I have known him for many years.

His love of Nature has been an inspiration to me and one has only to visit his attractive home at Truro Heights to see how varied are his interests. Birds and animals know his surroundings as a place where they can find food, shelter and protection.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of this almost blind but brave, courageous poet is his desire to uplift his fellowman. Much of his time has been freely given in helping someone who needed a lift or a word of encouragement or cheer along the way. In publishing these volumes of verse, one can readily see that he was not inspired to do so for monetary gain but by his desire to give of his best to others.

Mr. Parker has proved to be a great friend of boys and girls. He has shown a profound interest in their activities and welfare, and many have learned to love him and revere his name. For this reason, copies of each book have been placed in three school libraries in the town of Truro. Other copies have travelled far—reaching many places across Canada and United States—and such distant countries as Germany and India. From these places and from people unknown to the author have come numerous and unsolicited, favourable comments and tributes.

Oftentimes while travelling along the main highways we grow tired of the sameness all around us and seek adventure on a "side road" where we find our interest renewed and little pleasures of which we had not dreamed. So, as we browse through "Inviting Byways" we may find a number of things to stimulate our interest and provide us with many delightful moments. You will find poems that will send shivers down your spine, bring back childhood memories, make you laugh, and—when you read *Crimson Memories*—make you weep. Especially impressive are "He Had Not Breathed a Name" and "Farewell to Folleigh Lake."

Perhaps too, we can ponder awhile on what it means for one who has been unable to read or write a line for the last four years to produce and pass on to the public such treasured volumes as these three books. Truly they are a reflection of this gifted man, "Sid Parker," and may they prove a source of delight to each and everyone who reads them.

(Mrs.) Emma G. Brownell



## FOREWORD

Dear kindly friend, when you peruse  
This book of verse, will you excuse  
The little errors here and there  
That have eluded watchful care,  
But in it I feel sure you may  
Find gentle thoughts for every day.

The poems of beauty that appear  
From time to time, I love to hear  
And they are written as should be  
By humble folk like you and me,  
Whose ears are tuned to Nature's lore  
And glory in its boundless store.

You who may read, please understand  
And clasp the groping, aging hand  
And lead me to the topmost hill  
Where all is calm, serene, and still,  
And find ourselves a quiet nook  
There read some poem from the book.

Oh, thank you friend, you're kind indeed,  
These poems I wrote I cannot read.  
Here lift your eyes and gaze upon  
The sunset's glory nearly gone.  
It's startling beauty I descry  
Etched deeply on the inward eye.

—*By S. M. Parker*

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## BUILDING FOR TOMORROW

God, the Father, to his offspring,  
Gathered round Him where He lay  
And he knew they all would harken  
Heed the words He had to say.  
"Though you plan for the tomorrow  
We must live our life today".

We may build for the tomorrow  
But this day to us belongs,  
And we may not see another  
Pray forgiveness for our wrongs.  
Let the angels guide our thinking  
With their sweet angelic songs.

If today with gracious living  
We are truly satisfied,  
Restful sleep will bless our slumbers  
Where the gods of peace abide.  
Never will God's old time promise  
For our efforts be denied.

If today we have proved worthy,  
Then tomorrow's rising sun  
Will refresh us with its glory  
For that yesterday we won.  
Think not, then of the tomorrows  
Till today's big race is run.

Living now is quite a burden  
Cold indeed is stubborn Fate!  
And the goal we seek illusive  
And its painful to relate.  
Though we build for the tomorrow  
We are still a week too late.

No today can be tomorrow  
Only shades of yesterday,  
Though no clouds obscure our dreaming  
Where the future shadows play.  
Let us live and love and labour  
And be thankful when we pray.

Some time ago I mailed in a little poem to the Halifax Herald, Titled, "A Land Lover's Song" which they shortened to "Land Song" and printed on their Editorial page. Mrs. Emma Brownell, clipped it out and kept it in her desk in Douglas St. School. She was born very close to the sounding sea, near Pugwash, and played, as a little girl on the romantic shores of Northumberland Strait, and had the deepest affection for this unpredictable 'Old Lady', the subject of my little poem. Here are my few verses as I originally composed them, and Mrs. Brownell's answer which she wrote to it in a moment of nostalgic memories and hunger for this wild surging turbulent and cranky lover "The Sea". This is my poem—

### A LAND LOVER'S SONG

Sweet singers may sing of thy myriad charms,  
Thy mysterious charm, O Sea!  
In my bosom is mingled a wild alarm,  
As you roll in your ecstasy!  
Heaving gaunt ships on your wide swelling breast,  
Liners that toss like some bird in her nest,  
Then terror lays hold upon me.

The sailors may sing of their ocean love,  
Their wondrous lover the sea.  
Its ivory sheen from the moon above,  
And winds in their maddest glee.  
The silvery gleam of the wild gull wings,  
The haunting strain Father Neptune sings  
Is mockery unto me.

My spirit hungers for the reaching hills,  
(You may have your lover the sea);  
And the fertile valleys the farmer tells,  
They are life and home to me.  
The tremulous call of the lonesome loon,  
The rivers, the lakes, and the muse in tune,  
Thrill me with their witchery.

*S. M. Parker*

Reply to Sid Parker's Poem, the Land Lover's Song by Emma G. Brownell.

You did not grow up by the restless sea  
And watch it day after day,  
And see it change from a turbulent mood  
With wild and dashing spray,  
To a calm and peaceful, glassy sea  
Where sparkling sunbeams danced in glee,  
And the call of the loon was dear to me;  
Or you'd call your lover, "The Sea."

As a child I bathed in its waters clear,  
And played in the sand by its shore;  
Or nestled in houses of hay on its banks  
When the surf began to roar.  
All day we'd watch the waves pile high,  
(My brothers and friends in those days gone by)  
As they dashed on the rocks with their foaming spray,  
In that long ago time of yesterday  
When we played by my lover, "The Sea."

For many years I have lived away  
From my restless lover, "The Sea";  
Where I've viewed your valleys and mountain heights,  
And their beauty entrances me.  
But a longing and ache in my heart remains,  
That cannot be soothed by your hills and plains;  
So some day I'll go back and my heart shall acclaim  
My restless lover, "The Sea."



### WE WILL BE HERE

Old Bimbo is so big and fat  
He's not much good, they say,  
And should we sell, if all goes well,  
He'd have no place to stay.  
For up and down the streets in town  
No one will take him in,  
To us, our Bimbo Boy like this,  
We think 'twould be a sin.

But, Kenny, do not worry, please,  
Though I am old and blind  
So well you know I'd never go  
And leave our friend behind.  
We hold our Bim in fond esteem  
We feel 'twill never wane  
So never fear, we will be here  
When you return again.



## THE DYING BLUENOSE

Please raise my head from its downy bed,  
Let me view the rising sun:  
For beyond its glow is a land I know,  
The land of the rod, and gun.  
There its golden rays dispel the haze,  
And the bellows crash and roar:  
There I long to die 'neath the bright blue sky,  
On dear Bay of Fundy's shore.

Oh, how I yearn, that I might return!  
But the thought of it only taunts,  
To hunt the bear, and the snowshoe hare,  
And the moose in his native haunts.  
Tramp the woodland brakes, with their thousand lakes,  
And sleep where cataracts foam,  
Oh Acadian land! oh lovely strand!  
My own ancestral home.

His eyes shone bright in the mellow light,  
As he ordered his Limousine.  
"All prepare to ride to old Fundys tide,  
To the land of Evangeline."  
In that fair country he longed to see,  
He swayed from the open door,  
"Please bury me here" as they paled with fear,  
He died on old Fundys shore.

## SUNSET AT HARBORVILLE

We climbed the crooked and steep ascent  
That led to the mountain's crest  
There to behold a picture rare  
To thrill a poet's breast,  
The glory of the sunset flared  
In colors orange and grey,  
While shadows of a distant shore  
In mystery trailed away.

The tintings of that lovely sky  
No artist yet has learned,  
As orange and grey at water's edge  
A soft, rich crimson burned;  
And lo! from out this satin sea  
While twinkling eye looked on  
Enthroned amidst these changing hues  
A star of evening shone.

There, on the placid water's breast,  
Serenely seemed to float,  
Gaunt, rugged shore line, red and steep,  
Arose the Isle Au Haute,  
And as the shades of evening leaned  
To catch the breath of night,  
Across the wide-spaced, shadowed blue  
Flung its revolving light.

The storied pages of the past  
The old Bay's far-flung fame,  
Has stirred the young romantic heart  
And set the soul aflame;  
Well may this hamlet point with pride  
To her seafaring men,  
But lovely sunsets still remain  
To stir the brush and pen.

We gazed on that inspiring scene  
(The salt night-breeze slipped by)  
And knew within our naked souls  
The Hand of God was nigh.  
Dear Friends of mine, search out the truth,  
And wander where you will,  
You'll find few sunsets to compare  
With those of Harborville.

## A SONG OF RIVERSDALE

The following little song is dedicated to Mrs. Rod McLean of Riversdale whose sincere friendliness toward me and my humble efforts at verse has been most encouraging.

No bright lights glare to lure the eye,  
No theatre to call;  
Instead, the glorious tinted hills,  
And rippling waterfall.  
To those who love the open fields,  
The lure of haunting trail,  
A balm to soothe that tingling urge—  
The glens of Riversdale.

It may be loneliness to those  
Who crave for surging crowds,  
And not the glory of the stars,  
The breath of scudding clouds.  
All those who fan that inborn fire,  
That wanderlust assail,  
Find, here, the mecca of their hope—  
The hills of Riversdale.

These hills are rough, deep-scarred and long,  
The narrow roadways steep,  
But lilt of stream and locust song,  
The shy deer's startled leap—  
Enchant this fair enthralling land,  
Each green, hare-haunted vale  
Invite the nature-loving heart  
To visit Riversdale.

There are no roaring cataracts,  
Or mountains crowned with snow,  
No stunning peaks where one may look  
To valleys far below:  
Naught but a sincere loveliness  
That stills each troubled wail,  
God's murm'ring breath blows softly o'er  
The hills of Riversdale.

## CABIN ON THE HILL

In a cabin all my own,  
Snug and warm and quite alone,  
I dream and squander vagrant time at will,  
As a saucy squirrel and jay  
Scrap for crumbs I throw away  
In this tidy compact cabin on the hill.

As the evening curtains close  
Softly 'round me in repose;  
The work day cares are lulled by drowsy rill  
Murmuring gaily on its way,  
As pale twilight shadows stray  
All around this cosy cabin on the hill.

Here, beneath these silent trees,  
Vain veneer and pretense flees  
When stars leap out from heaven's window sill  
To caress this solitude,  
Times luxuriant interlude  
In this moonbeam lighted cabin on the hill.

Soughing winds, and tumbling rain,  
Wash away each ugly stain,  
And bares the naked theme of hope until  
God's own plan in triumph ends  
When we learn to live? my friends,  
Happy in a wind-blown cabin on the hill.

In the velvet hush of space  
Where pine shadows interlace,  
Warm visions flow new courage to instill.  
All His prophecies, in view,  
For our future, must come true,  
With contentment in a cabin on the hill.

By S. M. Parker

About thirty-five years ago, Renfrew Gold Mines in Hants Co., was a boisterous village, employing hundreds of miners and prospectors, enjoying more than its share of golden glory, for about this time the famous Jubilee Mine, one of the richest gold mines in Eastern Canada, was running full blast, and thousands of dollars worth of gold was being transported seven miles over a lonely road, with only one house on the entire stretch, in a rickety old buggy, without thought of a hold up. The ore, at this time, was so loaded with gold that enough could be concealed in the pockets to make a small fortune. Now Renfrew is a deserted wilderness with only a few families who still hope to see it stage a come-back. Many old time miners agree that as much gold remains to be found as has been taken in the past if it only could be mined in a modern manner.

### RENFREW—A GHOST OF YESTERYEARS

Great heaps of rocks on every hand,  
And large, low flats of iron-gray sand,  
A bleak and ragged ore-spewn land,  
With tumbled shanties here and there,  
Lost echoes of a bygone day  
When all was wealth and passing fair,  
Soft yellow nuggets holding sway.

Now eerie winds creep thru the beams,  
A fleck of tardy sunlight gleams  
Among gaunt ribs of twisted dreams,  
Old rust-red boilers, warping rails,  
Ore buckets rotting, cables bent,  
Crooked, sagging doors where ghost-wind wails  
The old time miner's sad lament.

Scarce thirty years, it's not so long  
Since these sad rooms loud with song  
Boasted of wealth, for there among  
The rabble of a mining town  
Were many flaunting pomp and power  
Who ruled their empire up and down,  
Forced hidden leads to yield their dower.

Now screaming whistle's piercing blast  
Is heard no more; the golden past  
A misty dream, yet this outcast  
Must be reborn, the battered mills  
Crush out once more elusive gold:  
Prospectors roam the rugged hills,  
Blast wealth from out their vein-scarred hold.

Great wealth still slumbers far beneath the ground  
Soft yielding treasure beckons from each mound,  
Fortunes greater far than what has yet been found  
But wait the call of some bold master mind  
Who'll dare to do and take a sporting throw,  
Laugh at defeat and never look behind,  
GOLD waits, how much, as yet no man may know.

### THE HOMESICK BRIDE

(A young Nova Scotian on being transferred to a post in a distant land took with him his young bride of a few months. Though her first love and devotion was to her young and successful husband, the second great love of her life was a beautiful farm on which she had spent her happy girlhood. Try as she would, she could not forget the land of all her cherished dreams and faded like a frail flower smitten by an autumn frost. The husband became alarmed and called in great doctors to try to diagnose her case but to no avail. Finally one bright mind suggested that she be sent home which was promptly done. Once on her native soil, she blossomed into the lovely flower of former days. *S. M. P.*)

Oh, Douglas, you are dear to me  
More dearer than you know  
My duty is quite clear to me  
To follow where you go;  
But darling, it nigh breaks my heart  
To leave my native sod  
And from these childhood scenes depart  
And go with you abroad.

But in a far off alien land  
Where strange their living mode,  
They faced the future, hand in hand,  
Along the lonely road  
That endless stretched forever on  
Toward a distant goal  
That marked the crimson velvet dawn  
That flamed within his soul.

This radiant flower frail and shy  
Grew frailer still and pale  
Great doctors came their skill to try  
But all to no avail;  
She wilted like a frosted rose  
Though wistfully sweet was she  
Until one doctor did disclose  
That homesick she might be.

With blasted dreams and stricken heart  
He watched this blossom fade,  
And felt the small unworthy part  
He had so thoughtless played.  
So back across the swelling tide  
So tenderly was borne,  
The girl who cheerfully at his side  
Faced future's glowing morn.

Back home upon the rambling farm  
On Scotia's bloom-tossed strand  
That storied land of mystic charm  
That weaves its magic wand;  
Dull eyes grew bright, he did rejoice  
As blooms revived again,  
And liquid cadence of her voice  
Fell like soft autumn rain.

"Dear Doug", she sobbed, "I love you so,  
You're dear as life to me  
Likewise the morning's tender glow  
That swarms across the lea—  
To kiss yon towering mountain peak  
And tint its waterfall,  
The fruited orchard near the creek  
Dear heart, I love it all."

"Forgive me boy, if I have been  
A source of grief to you  
But how I love these valleys green  
And hillsides drenched with dew".  
"Sweet Geraldine" his husky voice  
Was passionate with pride,  
"We'll live here always and rejoice  
Close by old Fundy's tide."

### SONG OF THE TWO ROSES

A young married woman met with a fatal accident in far off British Columbia and was hurried to a hospital where she lay slowly dying. One lone rose bloomed near her casement. Word of the accident was flashed to the young husband in Cape Breton, who immediately chartered a plane to fly to the one he loved best in the world. He took off in a gale and crashed on one of Cape Breton's cloud-buried peaks. The husband mortally injured, was carried to a farm house and placed by an open window near which bloomed the last rose of the season. The husband and wife each seemed to feel that when the blossom they looked upon so tenderly fell to earth, they too would pass to their Maker. The two roses blew from their stem at the same hour and two fond hearts ceased to beat at that moment, though thousands of miles separated them. (*S. M. P.*)

On a cot and slowly dying  
Lay a bride of one short year,  
Through the Heavens flamed a message  
To the far off husband's ear;  
But the plane he quickly chartered  
Could not brave the storm and rain,  
In a shattered heap they found him—  
Mortally broken with his plane.



In a farm house in Cape Breton  
Death was watching by his side,  
While in sunny British Columbia  
Wept a youthful fading bride;  
Waving by her open window  
Was one lonely ling'ring bloom—  
"Brave sweet-rose," she sweetly murmured  
"We together meet our doom."

Near his casement in the garden  
Tossed one red belated rose,  
"I'm just ling'ring with that blossom  
With it all my fond hopes close."  
Strangely when these far flung roses  
Stricken by some subtle power  
Fell to earth—two hearts forever  
Ceased to beat that tragic hour.

On a hillside in Cape Breton  
Slumbers this sweet winsome bride,  
With protecting arm around her  
Sleeps her husband by her side;  
Overhead, the tall trees whisper  
O'er their breast twin roses wave  
While the songbirds, softly mellow,  
Sing a requiem o'er their grave.

Over a well kept town, in Nova Scotia, hovered a large silken winged plane. In it sat the pilot and a noted banker. The banker, weary of life's struggle and knowing the end was near, was directing the pilot where to land and as the huge bird-like machine came to a perfect landing, a lady came out to greet them perhaps with a premonition of something unusual. Imagine her pain and sorrow as she recognized in the still form of the departed banker her long looked for lover—but read the following poem that tells the whole heart stirring story.

(*S. M. Parker*)

### THE SCOTIAN'S RETURN

In a plane that soared so gracef'ly  
In the blue ethereal sky,  
Where the wayward sunbeams glinted  
On her silken wings spread high,  
Sat a native son of Scotia  
Gazing down o'er field and rills  
Drinking in the rugged beauty  
Of his own beloved hills.

Droning hum of throbbing motors  
Drowned the voice so weak and frail,  
As the pilot banked and circled  
Caught he this low pleading wail;  
"Land me near yon lovely farmhouse  
Bury me beside the glen,  
Long this sacred spot has called me  
Now I have returned again."

Soon the birdman had alighted  
From the gleaming silent plane,  
And he gaily hailed his plane mate  
But his hailing was in vain;  
Calm in death there lay the banker  
Smiling gently in repose,  
'Mid the perfume of the breezes,  
And the scent of crimson rose.

Toward the plane then came a lady  
Sweet and anxious was her mien,  
"May I help you, sir?" she hailed him,  
As she stepped across the green;  
Then she saw the stricken figure  
And her face went deathly pale  
"Tis my sweetheart, gentle Lochlan,"  
Thus the pilot heard her tale.

"Years ago, I thoughtless left him  
For the rainbow's dancing end  
Love of gold had falsely lured me  
From the side of this dear friend;  
And he left his home forever  
That I bought with silent tears,  
And I've waited for his coming  
All these long and bitter years."

In her garden 'midst gay flowers  
Where the humming bird and bees  
Sought the nectar from the roses  
Blushing in the evening breeze;  
Laid they down her long-lost lover  
'Neath the sward o'er which he played  
That by loving hands was cared for  
All the years since he had strayed.

### SELBY PURDY'S FARM

You may journey to the West lands  
Where the daring Rockies rise,  
Or where Northern stars are blinking with the cold:  
Or wander to the Southlands  
Beneath red Torrid skies;  
Or tramp the flaming deserts for its gold.  
But I'm telling you dear stranger  
Tho' you seek new lands afar,  
That may beckon to the footloose and the free,  
Tho' it whispers to the ranger  
To let pot luck be their star:  
Hark to greetings from a rambler, such as me.

You have landscapes rich in glory,  
Fair and pleasing to the eye,  
You have valleys, hills, and woodlands fraught with charm:  
A noontide filled with story—  
And marvellous as your sky  
Is the velvet view from Selby Purdy's Farm.  
On its hillside perch a dreaming  
High astride old Foundry Hill  
With the day shine brightly gleaming,  
While the throbbing town is drowsing far below:  
Through the maples leafy grill  
And the distant mountain ranges are aglow.

When the scarlet shafts of morning  
Go a-streaking down the vale  
The blue rugged peaks of Onslow are aglow,  
The tall marsh grass is waving  
Where dyke lands seldom fail,  
And West winds stir the grain fields all ablow:  
When the crimson dawn is breaking  
O'er this home upon the hill  
And blossoms burst from night's protecting arm,  
What soft scintillating beauty  
Unrivalled where you will,  
This matchless scene from Selby Purdy's Farm.

### TRAILS OF NOVA SCOTIA

Yes, the trails of Nova Scotia  
They go leading anywhere;  
Into sunsets, into twilights  
Where the Star-shine seeks its lair,  
As the night winds croon their welcome,  
To the shadows of the moon,  
Calling softly to the roamer,  
Sweet contentment to you soon;  
As the stillness of the nighttime  
Sooths the troubled mind to rest;  
And the gurgling trout stream murmurs  
Softly to its wandering guest.  
Yes, the trails of Nova Scotia  
They are luring, they are new;  
They are packed with thrilling wonder,  
And they're calling, friend, to you.

## PROTECT OUR FORESTS

There's a throb of straining engine,  
Hum of busy whirring gears,  
Mingled with the crash of timber  
Trembling faintly on our ears;  
We are standing in the mill yard,  
We are watching lumber made;  
From the timber being yarded  
From some bough hung distant glade.  
There's an angry screech of protest  
As the saw bits bite the frost,  
Stream of deals, side boards and scantling,  
From this hungry maw is tossed;  
All this needs must be in wartime,  
More grim reasons we should spare  
And protect the young stuff growing  
With a precious, zealous care.

## THE HERMIT'S CRY

This is the unsought adventure of a successful author who desired a quiet change of scenery in order to complete the novel he had in mind to write. Casting about for a likely spot, where he could relax and write in peace and quiet, a friend informed him of a deserted cottage some fifty miles up country in a mountainous section noted for its scenic loveliness. Driving out the next day, he was sold on the beautiful location of this most desirable property but although somewhat puzzled at the ridiculous low selling price, nevertheless signed his purchasing check promptly and took possession, and very soon had it transformed into the kind of workshop he needed and moved in.

His necessary contacts with the good people of the district soon brought to his attention that this place he so recently purchased was vacant at the time of sale because of a disquieting reputation for uncanny events, and for this reason tenants could not be persuaded to live there for any length of time.

Smiling his contempt for the superstition of these quaint hill folk, he wrote long tiresome hours, and his book was nearing completion when the first electrical storm of the fall season descended on the isolated little community with devastating fury, enveloping this seasoned writer in a nerve shattering ordeal that left him groggy and uncertain. Here is the story:

## THE HERMIT'S CRY

The rolling thunders shuddering crash  
Rocked earth and sky in rending clash,  
With gushing torrents tumbling fall  
In hooded vengeance over all  
Where buildings clung in halting fear  
As space and skyline trembled near;  
To wreck mad havoc on the land  
As though the elements had planned  
To blot the landscape from its sight,  
With vicious, uncontrolled delight;  
Conspiring with a sullen sky,  
And tawny lightning streaking by.

While pensively within his room  
The author watched the break and bloom  
Of din and light, in blue rimmed fire  
That leaped and danced in mad desire  
To crush the earth, and blast the sky  
As fitful winds tore sobbing by,  
To aid maundering nature break  
The last resistance in its wake.

The weary watcher from his chair  
Sprang with amazement in his stare,  
What was that wild thing in the night  
Seen only in a flash of light?  
Some stranger lost still plodding on  
Bedraggled o'er his dripping lawn;  
He raised the window, peering out  
He pitched his voice in friendly shout,  
"Come in good friend, this storm is wild,"  
The figure paused and faintly smiled.

As swords of flame rent wide the sky  
He glimpsed a chill unearthly eye,  
Heard in the lull of thunders boom  
This loud shrill cry, "This is our doom,  
Prepare my friends, the time is here  
This night the world will disappear!"  
A shivering peal, a deafening roar  
He heard that quavering voice no more.

He fled his room, this man to warn  
So clearly seen he could have sworn  
To every rain drop on his face  
The haunted features did embrace;  
From out the sound of pounding rain  
He heard the trailing clink of chain,  
That strangely touched his eager ear  
And pierced his bones with nameless fear.

He searched the lawn, he called aloud  
To crack the nights dark, stormy shroud;  
The only answer was his own  
Hoarse voice that fell with sinking groan  
Against the winds loud dismal blast,  
That howled and moaned like a dog outcast,  
Amazed he stood in mute surprise  
Unwilling now to trust his eyes.

What had he seen? Was it a form  
Gliding through the bitter storm?  
As doubts assailed him pondering there  
A fiendish laugh whipped the night air,  
The trailing sound of chains he heard  
And swished as though a fleet-winged bird  
Passed by unseen but circled o'er  
Distinctly heard above the roar.

Surcharged the air with forms unknown  
Invisible from a ghostly throne  
A nameless terror froze his heart  
He tried to move but could not start;  
His knees were trembling with their load  
The chamber of his souls abode  
Was shook by consciousness of strife  
Of which the air around was rife.

He could not hear, he could not see,  
Yet conscious of a grim melee  
He heard no sound but felt each surge  
Of mortal combat on the verge,  
Of giant precipice that fell  
One hundred feet of yawning hell  
Where tablelands and plains divide,  
And flows the restless tepid tide.

Unheeding of the storm that smote  
The drums of heavens rolling note,  
He stared with straining sight before  
Down where the river onward bore;  
He felt entranced, a fretful spell  
Closed round him 'till a strangled yell  
Warned him the vanquished in this strife  
In night's bleak darkness lost his life.

This snapped the last cold bond of dread  
That held him moveless as the dead,  
He sprang if haply he might aid  
A strong arm seized, his movement stayed  
He swept if off but nothing there  
His hand beat on the empty air  
Yet pressure of that awful grasp  
Choked short his breath and made him gasp  
Like sharp cold needles, every hair  
Upon his head raised stiff and bare.

Two fiery eyes of dazzling light  
Were gleaming coldly through the night,  
While stealthy from an open door  
A slender figure passed before  
And paused beside these burning eyes,  
A girlish form in man's disguise  
Damp tresses of an auburn glow  
Tied at the neck with silken bow,  
But guileless beauty long forsook  
This face now bore a murderous look.



The smile that played about her lips  
Sent shivers to his finger tips,  
Though in man's raiment all attired  
Her queenly carriage he admired,  
And stared in muted shocked surprise  
Transfixed by those cruel flaming eyes  
That left him cold in their hot glare,  
A helpless victim rooted there  
Held in a viselike throttling hand  
He could not see or understand.

Then quickly as it had arose  
The storm sank to a calm repose,  
The wind in all its fury died  
In low and mournful murmurs cried,  
As born upon his startled ear  
A throaty voice, cool, crisp and clear,  
"Let's fly, our well planned deed  
Is done, while yonder stands each steed."

To bear away our blood stained gold  
Each moment dangers manifold  
Increase as clearly I descry  
The light of stars that gleam on high;  
The storm is o'er the thunder ceased  
Impatient stands each waiting beast.

Then hurriedly she forward led  
To where a crudely fashioned shed  
The author's car hid from the blast  
There 'neath this roof both haltered fast;  
Two milk white steeds stood saddled all  
Impatient champing in their stall,  
Without a moment's stop or stay  
They mounting swiftly rode away;  
The hollow sound of falling feet  
A rhythmic measured echo beat,  
Distinctly felt but scarcely heard  
A far off drumming faintly blurred.

This evil spell now threw its chains  
And blood warmed in the sluggish veins;  
His leaden feet would now respond  
To whispers of the will beyond,  
Unlocking shackles of the mind  
With all past horrors it devined;  
He rushed into his bungalow  
Outlined in sky lights fitful glow  
And roused the household from its sleep  
They searched the precipice so steep.

Sought the old shed but all in vain  
No marks shown in the recent rain;  
They closely viewed the forward door  
From which the maid her presence bore,  
Still locked and bolted from within  
Resisting all their strength and din.

The landscape echoes perfect peace  
No sign of either man or beast,  
His comrades laughed "My, what a dream  
You saw no form, you heard no scream,  
Exhausted nerves played you a lark  
Worry and toil have stamped their mark  
Upon your weary work fagged brain,  
Retire to rest and sleep again."

Within his chambers, silent walls  
Immune from all unwelcome calls,  
In troubled mood sat roughly down  
To ponder this with pensive frown;  
To sleep was vain, he tossed about  
And mused in vague uneasy doubt;  
'Till morning sun's warm golden ray  
Peeped through the curtain where he lay;  
He rose and paced the spacious lawn,  
From the gulch rim he gazed upon  
The river rolling far beneath,  
Amid the rocks and brush, and heath  
Leaping in grandeur most sublime,  
Unmeasured by the hand of time.

But this sad truth he did bewail  
It held the key to tragic tale,  
He turned about there face to face  
An aged citizen of the place;  
Stood gazing on the landscape fair  
His wrinkled brow and silvery hair,  
Bespoke a wealth of knowledge gained  
From rough experience purely strained;  
He told him the fantastic tale  
And wondered if he could unveil  
Some facts about this property,  
That might embrace past history;  
The oldster's face portrayed concern  
As out across the brake and fern  
In silence gazed without a word,  
As though this question had not heard  
Then seated on a grassy knoll  
This story poured into his soul.

Some forty years have now gone by  
Since up on yonder hillside high  
A miser hermit built his den  
To search for gold in stream and glen;  
For ten long years he sought in vain  
Until it preyed upon his brain.  
His one strange quirk had always been  
To hoard large bills, crisp, new and green  
So when he struck the lucky range  
He traded gold in fair exchange  
For paper wealth he loved and craved,  
And therefore dug and sold and saved.

'Till wealth reached near the million mark  
Still on he toiled from dawn till dark.  
One night by thunderbolt from heaven,  
His mine and hut were burnt and riven  
While he himself was smitten sore,  
And found unconscious at his door.  
A faithful dog his only friend  
Still watched his master to defend.

For three long months the nurses cared  
And doctors doubts and worries shared  
But slowly back to life returned  
The aged miser scarred and burned;  
But when the thunder overhead  
Rolled out its wrath, his reason fled,  
He roamed abroad as in a dream  
O'er hill and dale, by field and stream  
Convinced the end of all was nigh,  
Shrilled hoarsely this uncanny cry  
"Tis crack of doom, oh, will ye hear  
The earth this night will disappear."

Vague hints that all his hoarded gold  
Lay hidden in some pockets fold  
When on excursions such as this  
Were rumours strangers may not miss.  
And many felt it might give birth  
To evil thoughts concerning worth  
Of this huge roll so many knew  
Of large dimensions not a few.

And do him ill while thus he strayed  
With wandering reason sore delayed.  
One night there fell a dreadful storm  
And many saw the well known form  
Of this old hermit passing by  
Screaming his frightful ghostly cry;  
Next morning someone climbed the hill  
But all around his hut was still,  
Alarmed they roused the neighborhood  
To search the mountain field and wood,  
No trace, no clue could there be found  
Though folks had heard his warnings sound.

The long search ended where now stands  
This bungalow, there tall and grand,  
A mansion reared in lofty pride  
Its crumbling chimneys close beside  
Stout pillars gray, and mossed with age.  
The theme of many a writer's page;

A stranger dwelt beneath its roof  
Who held himself somewhat aloof,  
From those who had acquaintance sought  
So came and went few knew it not.

We rang his bell then called in vain  
No answer there, we combed the lane,  
And there before our startled sight  
Were hoof prints of the precious night  
Each measured leap told us too well  
A story nothing else could tell;  
We forced his door, explored each room  
Untidy in the musty gloom  
Pervading stairway, nook and hall  
Enveloped in an eerie pall.  
We gazed where yonder cliff dips down,  
And watched the surging waters frown  
In guilty knowledge of a crime  
It could have hidden for all time.  
We looked for years, but never knew  
Where the hermit went, or the stranger flew,  
But many a ghostly story's told  
Of the haunted house that stood of old  
Upon this spot where yonder lifts  
Your bungalow beside the cliffs.

No one could pay a soul to live  
Within its walls, though one would give  
Of house, and lands a title clear,  
Because uncanny voices hear;  
The house at last was set on fire  
To quell the neighbors rising ire  
And now the sunsets parting glow  
Aslant falls on your bungalow.

And, stranger, I have given you  
A story that I know is true,  
As I had known the miser well,  
And searched o'er mountains, field and dell  
And dragged yon rivers murky deep  
Where his remains must surely sleep.

Though never found, I feel assured  
The strangers all his gold procured  
Then flung him where the torrent rolled  
His watery funeral chant condoled.

Spellbound he sat in silent awe  
He barely heard and scarcely saw,  
So unbelievable the tale he told  
Yet nearly as it did unfold  
Itself to him the night before  
In all its tragic ghostly lore  
He thanked this friend then turned away  
To greet his household for the day.

This man survived to ripe old age  
Grew famous for his storied page,  
This memory left a troubled doubt  
All effort failed to put to route,  
When life's full span dropped o'er the rim  
The answer still eluded him.

### THE GHOSTLY WOODPILE

He flung on the saddle  
And buckled it tight,  
His steed whinnied softly  
To show his delight;  
One foot in the stirrup  
He sprang to his seat,  
And away they went dashing  
Far down the long street.

His mettlesome stallion  
Tossed proudly his head  
To show to all comers  
How well he was bred;  
The smoke of the factories  
Soon drifted behind,  
As they raced o'er the hill-tops  
So gloriously kind.

The long miles were many  
Traversed o'er the lea,  
At a cottage they halted  
To rest and have tea;  
The mantle of evening  
Was trembling anon,  
And moonbeams were staining  
The green on the lawn—

Ere again to the saddle  
So nimbly he sprang,  
And away they went racing  
Where night breezes sang:  
And mile after mile  
Of the roadway lay still,  
And a hoot owl was hooting  
Away on the hill.

Then suddenly ahead  
In the moon's dancing light  
Loomed a still ghostly figure  
All sheeted in white:  
His great charger snorted  
Then reared on his toes,  
And refused to go further  
Tho' smitten with blows.

The rider himself  
Tho' stricken with fear,  
Determined to venture  
This mystery to clear:  
But the terrified horse,  
Still plunging with fright  
Now bolted in panic  
And fled out of sight.

But turning him gently  
He headed him back,  
When again, in a frenzy  
He stopped in his tracks:  
As a low gurgling moan  
Fell on the cool air,  
The feeling grew prickly  
At the roots of his hair.

That ghost form was dancing  
As sure as could be,  
And shivers went creeping  
Where they shouldn't be,  
Then he leaped from the saddle,  
And holding to the rein,  
Urged bonnie "Prince Charlie"  
To try it again.

And there on the roadside,  
To welcome surprise,  
A pile of new cordwood  
Was cloaked in disguise  
By moonbeams and shadows,  
Resembling a ghost,  
Its movement accounted  
By limbswaying most.

But this he will tell you,  
If he hadn't gone by,  
No one could convince him  
What he saw with his eye  
Was only wood corded,  
Piled neat by the way,  
Just after his passing  
That very same day.



## CANADIAN RIVERS

Aimless rivers we may call them,  
Yet all have a definite goal:  
Storm, nor winds, do not appall them,  
Mountains, hills nor rocks forestall them,  
As they ever onward roll.

Restless, lonely, fretful rivers,  
Bawling through wind rustled vale,  
Where the sentinel pine tree shivers,  
Stately, grand, these rugged rivers  
Guard the leaping waters trail.

Sleepy rivers, drowsy, dreaming  
In the noonglares frowsy sun:  
Racing moonbeams steal thy streaming  
Through the night time shadows gleaming,  
Hiding ere the dawn begun.

Lazy rivers, pensive gliding  
Deep through aisles of scented wood  
Shielding grouse and wild hare hiding,  
Deer and moose at home abiding,  
Browsing peacefully as they should.

Crooning rivers, curving, swinging:  
Spilling rhythms sheer delight!  
Wild melodious Anthems winging,  
Mellow music blithely flinging  
Songs of triumph to the night.

Golden rivers, fraught with treasure,  
Rich in memories of the past:  
Pregnant with a future pleasure  
In the years of war-free leisure,  
When God's peace has come to last.

Waiting rivers, vainly calling,  
Babbling of their latent powers;  
Misty cataracts loud brawling  
Where the churning rapids sprawling,  
Flaunt the riches that are ours.

Aimless rivers? ah! no never!  
Drifting always toward the sea:  
Idly chaffing, chattering ever,  
Forward, forward their endeavor  
In a rippling harmony.

How we love them, yet ignore them!  
Rivers old in history:  
Brighter futures lie before them,  
As our wants, and needs restore them  
To their rightful destiny.

### THE SHUBENACADIE RIVER

You flow thru many a verdant vale,  
And meadows bright with flowers,  
By woodlands rim, and forest swale  
Where birds nest in the bowers,  
Thru many a farm of prosperous mein  
With fields of golden grain,  
How gentle seems your twilight dream,  
How can you cause such pain?

By winding ways and pleasant hills,  
And smiling valleys fair,  
Where brooklets join with gurgling trills—  
Sweet laughter as they dare  
To join you in your stately flow  
On toward the restless tide,  
But ah, the bitterness we know  
Those dancing waves can hide!

From Grand Lake's rugged, rocky shore,  
This spot of nature's own,  
To where the tides of Maitland roar,  
Your path has left a moan,  
You've left an ache in many a heart,  
And many an empty chair  
Can trace its emptiness in part  
To you, so cruel, so fair.

And yet for all the grief and woe  
Your treacherous moods have wrought,  
You seem eternal as you flow  
Your course with blessings fraught,  
Rich fields that skirt thy devious course,  
Washed by your murky tide,  
Are many a happy Farmer's source  
Of income, and his pride.

To all those who have suffered thru the treachery of this River,  
these few verses are dedicated.

### GENTLE WOODLANDS

When our business worries press,  
And in hasty bitterness  
Blame the world for all this stress  
Let us take ourselves away—  
To the green woods for a day,  
Where the timid wild things play.  
Feel the moss beneath our feet,  
Smell the wild grass springing sweet  
Where the dancing sunbeams meet,  
Watch the restless waters quiver  
On the breast of lakes and river:  
Thank dear Providence, the giver,  
For the blessing we all cherish,  
Tho' all else may fall and perish,  
Nature blooms while earth abides  
Blessed by moon beams, sun and tides.

## THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

Our friend the horse is doomed to go  
Because his pace is far too slow,  
Yet many feel it's for the best,  
His weary bones will be at rest.  
The lash to iron and steel applied,  
Will leave no sting like on his hide.

His star is set, it's fire and steel,  
Will guide the mould board and the wheel,  
The iron age is ushering us  
Into a space of speed and fuss,  
The pace we've set will break us down,  
And have us mumbling like a clown.

We all admire a car of course,  
But dearly love a handsome horse,  
This gentle friend, this patient beast  
Deserves our warm regards at least.  
But all he gets at times, the lash,  
Neglect, abuse, and musty mash.

So hasten on Dear Lord, the day,  
When beasts of burden pass away,  
No more to sweat in sweltering heat,  
Or toil in pain perchance to beat  
By him, whose I Q may be less,  
Than this poor brute's dumb tardiness.

## TREES

There is nothing quite so lovely  
As a stately maple tree;  
And none other than Joyce Kilmer,  
(Killed in battle for the free)  
Wrote that poem "Trees" immortal,  
That has nothing to compare  
In the language of the present,  
Nature lovers all declare.  
Yet, for all their gorgeous outlines,  
Many homes look so forlorn;  
As no trace of fern, or foliage,  
These smart residence adorn.  
Woodlands flourish all around us,  
Shapely trees of every brand;  
And so simple to transplant them  
If we'd turn a willing hand.

## OVER THE CABOT TRAIL 1934

The poem below needs but little introduction, just get its lilt and rhythm then—away over one of the most glorious trails in America, that cannot fail to leave an impression of grandeur and sublimity: now for the flying trip.

This is a tale of the Cabot Trail  
By one who has made the trip  
From Canso's sea to the Margaree  
Where the silver salmon flip,  
And cabins rise to the morning skies  
At the fork of a valley road,  
A place to eat that is hard to beat  
And served in the latest mode.

The King's highway and a sunny day,  
A smooth car rolling fleet  
The scenery flashed where gaunt hills gnashed  
And swept to a far retreat;  
Broad valleys fair with a rolling flair  
And rivers that flowed serene  
Each frowning height in its jealous might  
Sought to crush us in between.

As we dashed along the hills among  
We men of the Highland breed,  
The ancient cry of a long gone bye  
Came back and we had to heed  
And the Tartan flashed and Claymores clashed  
As we gazed on quiet rills;  
Stern thoughts arose of the highland foes  
Who fought on the purple hills.

But on we flew where the tall hills drew  
Their stout bulwarks near the sea  
That appeared to smile with devilish guile  
And laugh with a mocking glee.  
At Cheticamp, where we hurried from  
We stared at their frowning brow,  
And they seemed to say "Don't come this way,  
Or we'll crush you like a scow."

We heeded not what we may have thought  
But hit for the dizzy heights  
There stood amazed as we speechless gazed  
At the glory of the sights.  
Green ocean spread from the tables head  
Where the gutted gorges part,  
And the blasted edge of mountains ledge  
Took us to its throbbing heart.

But we loved it here where nimble deer  
Found their footing insecure  
Tho' sometimes pale at the snake-like trail  
As it twisted with its lure—  
And upward crept where the tree tops swept  
Close by where the roadbed lay  
As round and back on a different track  
We fell into Pleasant Bay.

On, on we drove where a fire scared grove  
Rose stark from its rock strewn bed,  
Deep, dark ravines where the forest leans  
And the rushing rivelets sped;  
Around Cape North jutting lonely forth  
Wave swept by a northern sea  
Gaunt ridges rise where its valley lies  
Hemmed in by its destiny.

The blue hills blurred and the engine purred  
As it reeled off mile on mile  
O'er hill, down dale, o'er peak and vale  
We rolled with contented smile;  
Through Ingonish where the good folk fish  
And live by the treacherous sea  
Tho' hard their lot, it's a charming spot,  
And we paused to have some tea.

Then away we bowled o'er hills age old  
And scaled the alluring crest  
Of Smoky's peak, where the wild waves speak  
To say to its transient guest;  
Twelve hundred feet when its measured neat  
From peak to the rocks below  
That point you down to old English Town  
Where the giant used to hoe.

But we had no time to read his rhyme  
Or bask in his proven lore,  
But onward flew with an urge to view  
The rim of the great Bras d'Or;  
That charming lake that can always make  
The hurried tourist stay  
For by its side in its lonely pride  
Rise turrets of Beinn Bhreagh.

Then on to Baddeck, that mighty speck  
On the world's gigantic map  
Tho' small in size, it is woefully wise  
And cares not a tinkers rap;  
For on the shore of blue Bras d'Or  
Great achieving Scotchmen toiled,  
And accomplished things with silken wings  
That the wisest wise men foiled.

If you want to see a great country  
From Cape Breton's highland hills  
Then do not fail to tramp this trail  
And you'll get your share of thrills;  
At times you hear what the Scotch hold dear  
The intriguing Gaelic tongue  
Its soft refrain you will hear again  
Where those sentinel hills are flung.

Next time that you go and cross Canso  
Make your plans to spend sometime  
Among these peaks where a silence speaks  
And the scenery is sublime;  
Why point your star to lands afar  
And ferry across the foam,  
Only to find you have left behind  
A host of good things at home.

### SONG OF THE MARGAREE

Historic Nova Scotia has long been justly famed for its many sequestered valleys lying calm and serene between blue hazy hills crowned by the shimmering azure of a peerless Maritime sky. And each particular valley has some outstanding characteristic that classify its attractions as being particular unto itself relieved of that monotonous sameness that often becomes boresome to the discerning traveller.

The verses below tell of the world famous Margaree Valley, and the blush bellied Salmon of the beautiful Margaree river. Lovely indeed, is this alluring gem fashioned by the hand of the Master Designer, and cradled in the lap of the rugged Cape Breton hills.



I'll sing you a song of the steep timbered hills,  
And lush ranging acres the staunch farmer tills:  
With blush-bellied salmon providing the thrills  
In sun-shadowed pools of the deep Margaree.  
Unlimber your tackle, make ready to cast  
Your fly on the ripples that curl tinkling past:  
Get set for the showdown, and think pretty fast!  
For Salmon don't fool in the dark Margaree.

This prince of good fellows is quick on the fly:  
Or else like a hulk on the bottom will lie,  
To sulk there for hours though vainly you try  
Your full bag of tricks on the broad Margaree.  
When you have hooked him the sport has begun,  
He'll dive for the distance like hell on the run,  
You'll swear the wild hellion weighs nearly a ton;  
Life at its best on the blue Margaree.

You must know your business as good anglers should,  
Or helpless you'll be as a babe in the wood—  
And find yourself miles from the spot where you stood,  
And the great fish still bucking the swift Margaree.  
But coolness, and patience, will win you the day:  
Without these two virtues—I'd rather not say!  
They're dynamite laden and know how to stay  
And scrap to the end in the bold Margaree.

Come dig out your tackle, and gamble the spin:  
This pastime is worthy, if draw, lose, or win.  
Here, cradled in mountains, your pleasures begin  
Where coy breezes linger on fair Margaree.  
The guides are old sportsmen, their equipment is fine,  
The hotels are modest, but swell spots to dine:  
Here, cooks are real experts, so follow the sign  
To the green sheltered vale of the wide Margaree.

Your worries will vanish like dew drops at noon,  
As moon silvered tree tops their night anthems croon,  
And drowsy lids slumber serenely in tune  
With dream-haunting lays of the sweet Margaree.  
God grant that forever in favor will grow  
This blithesome enchantress, exquisitely flow  
At the shrine of rare beauty its incense bestow,  
Through time mellowed years in the great Margaree.

## LEGEND OF THE TRURO MARSHES

Indian legend tells the story that all those lovely rich marshlands, and the town of Truro itself, was once a part of Cobequid Bay. But Glooscap, the powerful Micmac god, reclaimed it from the sea by building a small dam and ordering the waves not to over run it. The dam itself was inadequate, but the waters obeyed his stern command and have never since come beyond the boundaries he had set for them.

Indian legend tells the tale  
That this smart industrious Town  
Was o'er run by tide and gale  
To the edge where hill tops frown:  
Tidal waves tossed bark canoes  
Where they now print "Truro News."

Glooscap knew this land was good,  
Rich and yielding be the loam,  
If the flooding waters could  
Be held in their basin home.  
Braves could lay aside their horn,  
Till the soil and hoe their corn.

Glooscap was a god of peace,  
Loving every beast and bird:  
To their suffering brought release,  
All obeyed his kindly word:  
Thus he frowned on death and pain,  
Taught that love and peace must reign.

When the flats were yawning red,  
And the ebb tide was at low,  
Then the mighty Glooscap said—  
“Build a dam that all shall know  
Tide and storm, rain, wind and sea,  
In subjection held by me.”

Thus these fertile fields we see,  
Green and rich, and very fair,  
Once the wild waves in their glee  
Tossed the sea gull in her lair:  
But the Micmac god was kind,  
Left this heritage behind.

### STEWIACKE VALLEY

Every one knows the Annapolis Valley. There is not a more beautiful spot, of its kind, in all the world, but Nova Scotia is full of lovely valleys of different types. The Stewiacke Valley, for instance, that lies along the river of that name, is surely worth a visit by everyone seeking a change, or a quiet place to rest, fish or hunt game. A wonderful gravel road leads in from Brookfield, thru a stretch of woods that are lovely in themselves, but when we emerge into the valley itself, a revelation awaits those who never dreamed such a lovely place existed so near to the Town of Truro.

There's a river winding gently  
Thru a valley broad and fair:  
Sloping hillsides, verdant pastures,  
Cattle dotted here and there  
Browsing peace'ly and contented  
Herds, of farmers loyal and true  
To a code set by their fathers  
In this land they loved and knew.

Thru great meadows wide, and beck'ning  
To the tourist on his run,  
Glides a lazy laughing river  
Like a riband in the sun:  
While a thousand little riv'lets  
Teeming with the speckled trout  
Pour into the parent waters  
Where grey salmon thrash about.

Have you seen this wonder valley  
Stretching on and ever on,  
In the heyday of its glory  
E'er the Autumn days have gone?  
See the trees in changing color,  
Garbed in Nature's thrilling dress,  
Maples in their ruddy splendor,  
Poplars in their loveliness.

Go to Eastville via Springside,  
Then around to Newton Mills,  
There's a wealth of rugged beauty  
Flashing from those silent hills:  
Folks are ever kind and friendly,  
Are you hungry while you roam?  
Then the Cox hotel is waiting  
Just to make you feel at home.

There you'll find a table groaning  
'Neath the weight of goodly things:  
All your aches and pains will vanish  
Every worry will take wings.  
Here the genial host and hostess  
Make you feel you want to stay  
And partake of all these bounties  
In the good old fashioned way.

There's a wealth of quiet beauty  
From the moment you begin  
Where the river trail will lead you  
From the village, Brookfield, in:  
Winding roads and wooded highways,  
Rolling meadows, calling stream,  
Friendly people, smiling landscape  
Like the setting of your dream.

## MAHONE

We camped beside Mahone Bay,  
The lights of Chester Leagues away  
Gleamed thru' the silken night;  
The fisher folk had sought their bed,  
The stars danced softly overhead,  
The moon was at its height,  
Far out on the horizon's rim  
Intriguing lines of Islands dim  
Rose thru' the silver light.

The lazy waves broke on the shore  
In restless triumph, evermore  
Their sonnets seemed to say:  
"If I could speak what I could tell,  
What secrets buried in me swell,  
What treasures in my Bay!"  
Romance, Adventure, is its theme,  
But stout the courage who would deem  
To seek them where they lay.

Oh, fair Mahone! O'er all the world  
I've roamed where foreign flags unfurled,  
Yet none are half so fair!  
Oak Island with its mystery  
Its treasure guarded jealously  
Defying those who dare,  
All stir the blood, and rouse romance,  
For Captain Kidd's dark fame enhance  
The searchers dull despair.

The morning sun, that warmly rose,  
To eager eyes did not disclose  
The dories in their berth,  
But dotted o'er the shining bay  
The fisherman began his day  
Providing for his hearth;  
So eager rose, so eager fell,  
Their dories rode the gentle swell,  
Oh, life of hardest worth!

Let all who seek a lovely strand  
First ramble thru' this wonderland  
Where folks are real and kind;  
Where beauty smiles from fern and brook,  
Entrancing from each cove and nook  
Where silver roadways wind  
Around each blue enchanted bay  
Where islands cleave the breaking spray,  
So restful to the mind.

### THE BLUENOSE

Can we look back with pride or shame  
Or can we understand  
The tragedy the Bluenose shared  
Upon a foreign strand.  
Nostalgia stirs the sailor's heart  
When olden dreams return  
The disappointments of the past  
He cannot cast astern.

Can we reshape that graceful keel  
Where strength and speed abide,  
Or duplicate that steady prow  
That stemmed the wayward tide;  
Or match again those rangy spars  
With pennants floating high,  
A silhouette of native pride  
Against a starlit sky.

The molding of this duplicate  
May bring to mind we pray,  
The glories of the yesteryears  
That should not fade away.  
Relight that glow of honest pride  
Within each native son  
Who loved the crafts their fathers knew  
That would not be outdone.

Ship building skill has never died,  
Its cunning art is still in bloom,  
Old timers passed their knowledge on  
And lived in hope through light and gloom.  
We feel this schooner being built  
Will ride the waves an ocean Queen  
With bulging sails and bending spars  
A regal sight to grace the scene.

### THE CHANTY MAN'S LAMENT

Oh Harborville! dear Harborville!  
I hear an echo from the hill  
Extolling days of long ago,  
When Brig and Bark sailed to and fro,  
And cruised the far famed seven seas  
With canvas spread to scudding breeze  
Where trade-winds spanked tall bluenose sail  
And distant ports returned our hail.

Oh Harborville! My Harborville!  
I hear a whisper from the hill  
Reminding me I'm aged and grey,  
Just turning eighty nine today.  
A voice, wind borne from far away,  
Comes homing o'er the shining bay.  
Next port of call for me, I ken,  
That quiet port of missing men.

Dear quaint and storied Harborville  
No hammers sound from creek or rill  
All silence where broad-axe and saw,  
And Adz, once trembled from the draw.  
Keen blades that moulded graceful ships  
To cleave old Fundy's ageless rips.  
This clever craftsmanship's denied  
Expression, now the need has died.

Oh lovely sea-blown Harborville  
The future must bring what it will  
As marching progress haughty rides  
In regal splendor on the tides.  
No spot on earth more captains boast  
Then this small Hamlet's dwindling host,  
And though her star of glory's set  
Sea-haunted Vikings won't forget.

## LOSS OF THE RUBY L. AND THE GRACE HANKERSON

A song of unselfish heroism and bravery unsurpassed in the annals of Nova Scotia history, the pages of which are filled with deeds that stir all the world to wonder and admiration.

To all those who have suffered through the insatiable fury of the Bay of Fundy, I humbly dedicate these few verses.

Come all good folks of Harborville,  
And up and down the Bay,  
Who dwell beside old Fundy's tide  
Pray harken to my lay;  
A song of Bluenose hearts of oak  
The courage and the creed  
Of Sailormen from cove and glen  
The bravest of the brave.

From Margaretville to Parrsboro,  
To the grey port of St. John,  
In each and all ports of their call  
That they did wait upon;  
Will long recall their sacrifice  
That saddens every home,  
How four brave men of Tiverton  
Died in the icy foam.

All ye who feel the greatest men  
Were bred in former day,  
That now they're born to selfish scorn  
The suffering of our day;  
Take note of these heroic acts  
And ponder in your heart,  
The great love ken of these brave men  
Whose glory I'll impart.



Bert Kennedy and Bayard Powell,  
Clair Baker and Fred Hill,  
Your memory will always be  
A star to guide and thrill;  
All those who follow in your steps  
And sail the ocean wave,  
To long uphold traditions bold  
Nor falter at the grave.

On Saturday, the twenty-fifth,  
First month, and thirtieth year  
A zero gale rent spar and sail,  
And swung two vessels near;  
The fanged toothed rocks guarding the coast  
On Fundy's tide lashed shore,  
As blizzards swept these vessels crept  
Where crashing breakers roar.

The good tugboat, Grace Hankerson,  
A sturdy little craft  
Had weathered well the cruel swell  
That smote her fore and aft;  
On that ill-fated stormy day  
She had a husky tow,  
The "Ruby L" you all know well  
When she plied to and fro.

Now on her way to Liverpool  
To undergo repairs  
Though little dreamed, as north winds screamed  
She neared her end of cares.  
But Satan showed his ugly hand  
And death's gaunt spectre stood,  
And watched the spray engulf its prey  
And laughed in hideous mood.

No vessel yet devised by man  
Could long withstand the strain  
On being fast on rocks upcast,  
And not be rent in twain  
By combers breaking o'er her deck  
Like giant hammers swung  
With potent sound that boomed around  
Where ghastly sailors clung.

The captain saw their dreadful plight  
They could not long survive,  
He seized a rope, their only hope  
To reach fair land alive.  
Into that frothing hell he plunged  
To take his line ashore,  
But furies of the sea but scoffed  
And closed death's lurking door.

His glorious deed will never fade,  
And those who follow on  
Will tell with pride how Baker died  
Old treacherous Fundy's pawn;  
He cheerfully gave in danger's hour  
Nor stopped to reason why,  
But only knew to save his crew  
His was to do or die.

The four left on the doomed craft  
Now sought the pilot room,  
A comber split this shell to bits,  
And swept three to their doom.  
'Twas then that Boston seized MacLeod  
Who glimpsed eternity,  
And held him fast gripping the mast  
Cheating the sullen sea.

Meanwhile the men on "Ruby L."  
Leaped in the angry sea,  
With favored luck and native pluck  
(Though battered shockingly)  
With broken bones and inward groans,  
Thurber and R. C. Hall  
Did reach the shore amid the roar,  
But found no one to call.

They painfully walked three dreadful miles  
To seek aid for the two  
Who yet still clung where rigging swung  
The last of a brave crew.  
A crowd soon gathered on the shore  
A line was shot to aid  
The wretched men who scarce could ken  
These efforts bravely made.

C. Boston, Mate from Parrsboro  
MacLeod from old St. John,  
Clung to the mast through storm and blast  
With wild seas crashing on;  
With Boston shielding young MacLeod  
Who was but lightly clad,  
Through cold twilight far into night  
'Mid lashing waves gone mad.

Once happy homes now sadly mourn  
The loss of their dear friends,  
We hope and pray a fairer day  
Will dawn to make amends  
To those who suffer through the sea  
With all its tragic woe,  
But God alone will judge his own,  
In faith we leave it so.

The history of the Bluenose race,  
Bears on its honored scrolls  
The deathless names of men of fame  
That all the world extols;  
When children gather 'round to hear  
A story you would tell,  
Re-tell this one, the Grace Hankerson  
And good old Ruby L.

### **BESIDE YOU IS YOUR WIFE AND CHILD**

Now that you're far away, darling,  
I find you dearer than you knew  
And far behind the great guns thunder,  
A wife is praying, dear, for you.  
That soon this carnage will be over  
That peace come soon to every land,  
God's quiet peace, forever lasting  
Something we all can understand.

I want you, Jim, to know I love you,  
Your face is over near my heart.  
I know I took you much for granted,  
You were, to me, of life a part;  
It's now I know how wrong I was, dear,  
You are my life, my all, to me;  
My lonely love spans the grey spaces  
On wings of faith for what must be.

After this bitter night of grieving,  
I know we'll greet a rosy dawn;  
For every night I kneel to ask Him  
To help me humbly carry on.  
No matter where you go, my loved one,  
Through lands these traitors have defiled  
In blazing desert, sky, or ocean,  
Beside you is your wife and child.

# *Crimson Memories*

## WHEN VETERANS MEET

When veterans pause to say "hello"  
Where'er they chance to meet,  
No matter where that chance may be  
At home, or on the street,  
Their casual manner fools no one,  
An inward sparkle glows,  
The past to them is ever green  
As every veteran knows.

This comradeship of aging vets  
They clearly understand,  
Forged in the crucible of war  
Where life was cheap as sand;  
Where strong men broke and weak men scaled  
The heights of lasting fame,  
Where men gave life for other men  
When test of courage came.

The deep devotion veterans share  
Of mem'ries past, not gone,  
Born in the blasting hell of war  
Their thoughts look back upon.  
We, who survived those blood-red dawns,  
Feel cheated in our heart  
To think we failed to rouse the world  
To what we share in part.

## MEMORIES

Tuesday, April 9, is the anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge, one of the most glorious Victories in the Great War, a victory that will throughout history resound with glory to Canadian manhood.

The author, badly wounded at Oppy, April 16, 1918, jotted down the following touching and beautiful lines while on his way to Camp Hill Hospital, at Halifax, for treatment:

I gazed from the train as it ran through the rain,  
To the snow-covered hills, and water-logged plain  
The dun leaden sky that hid from the eye  
The beauty of landscape that flew racing by,  
While the whirr of the wheels bewitching appeal,  
Throbbled out a dirge from stout sinews of steel.

In retrospect thought of the havoc once wrought  
On a snow-covered field where Canadians fought  
Immortal the story that crowned them with glory,  
But God what pain on those fields that were gory!  
Scarlet the stain, with the blood of the slain,  
And wounded who lay in the slush and the rain.

It's little we know, as we rush to and fro,  
Of the death searing anguish of heroes laid low  
I shudder to think, as I peer o'er the brink  
Of memories fading. Dear God let them shrink!  
Retain in our thought only lessons it taught.  
Great Master, deal kindly with those heroes who fought.

Who suffered and bled, while the snow 'neath their head  
Was crimson and cold as the cold staring dead.  
Talk of sorrows and fears, of salt scalding tears!  
How callous to judge from what outward appears!  
Dear Lord, You Alone, knew the price of each groan  
Heard the prayers unspoken, and solaced Your Own.

## THE CALL OF THE PIBROCH

He's gone! the youthful, the strong and the daring  
He's gone to enlist in the Highland Brigade;  
And soon the feather and bonnet they're wearing  
Will grace the young form of this lad on parade.  
It is the "breed of the manly", the spirit of fairness  
'Way down in his soul is that feeling of squareness  
That sends this young laddie along with the rest.

The pibroch is sounding, the clansmen are must'ring  
The call of their chieftain rings over the glen,  
And see at his call how the laddies are clust'ring  
Around the dear standard of Borden's brave men.  
Farewell to thee, laddie! May good luck attend thee  
As ye fight for that standard that never shall fall,  
May the arm of our Lord and His favor defend thee  
When ye charge at the pibroch's wild heart-stirring call.

The eyes of his mother are dim with their weeping  
His father is praying that he may return  
That the Heavenly Father may watch where he's sleeping,  
And guard his young head perhaps pillowed in fern.  
They knew it was honor; they did not delay him  
But bade him be strong in the fear of the Lord  
Determined his courage, they could not gainsay him,  
So wished him God speed as he girded his sword.

But such are the boys this country is sending  
Fearless, determined, and stubborn in right,  
They know why they struggle, are not just pretending,  
But zealous and earnest they enter the fight.  
The clarion call of duty is sounding  
Respond then ye slothful and be not delayed  
For, hark through the valley the music is bounding,  
The pibroch is calling the Highland Brigade.

## THE BOYS WHO WEAR THE FEATHER

Oh, here we are in Aldershot  
Where many a grim sham battle's fought,  
That rages 'round the sandy spot  
By boys who wear the feather.

We're training here to fight the foe  
And soon to France we'll blithely go  
To lay the German earth-works low,  
These boys who wear the feather.

We did not come down here for fun  
But learned to march and use the gun,  
They're Scotia's message to the Hun  
These boys who wear the feather.

We shall obey Canadian laws,  
We'll die to shield her honored cause  
We're here to train, not seeking flaws  
These boys who wear the feather.

Our officers all do their best  
To give us plenty food and rest  
Consider well each fair request  
From boys who wear the feather.

Come, buck up, lads sign on today  
Help quell the German's barbarous sway  
And dreams of world dominion stay  
With boys who wear the feather.

Fan smold'ring fires into a flame,  
Lay other things aside as tame  
Uphold old Nova Scotia's name  
With boys who wear the feather.

Printed in "The Highlander" Aug. 1916, in Aldershot.



## THE BALLY WEATHER

When the Highland Brigade went into camp in Witley, England in the late fall of 1916, the weather was damp and chill for weeks at a time, and nearly all the boys developed coughs and colds from little fire and little to eat. The eats got a little better after the bunch smashed up the furniture in the messroom one day, and raised the devil in general refusing to leave until given more rations. Remember Boys?

I ain't much good at writin'  
I'm in this game for fightin'  
But about this bloomin' weather since we came,  
It's been rotten, simply rotten!  
Yet we're everlastin' trottin'  
I don't know what's the cause or whose to blame.

It's been rainin', rainin', rainin',  
Our limbs are achin', painin',  
The damp and chill has sunk into our bones  
If it doesn't cease it's fallin',  
We'll all be creepin', crawlin',  
Or be carried off to bunk with Davy Jones.

When the fog banks lowly hover  
In that distant land way over  
In Scotia, it's a sign of scorchin' heat;  
But 'ere the mornin' is commencin'  
Here the stuff begins condensin'  
And falls in endless torrents at our feet.

Day and night it ceaseless tumbles,  
On the roof it mutters, mumbles  
Splashin' little diamonds on the pools,  
While we stand and stare distracted  
With the cold we have contracted  
Ponderin' if we're not a loony bunch of fools.

The streets with soup are drippin'  
The old rain man's a pippin'  
At mixing up the oil, the mud and rain,  
With the weather we're disgusted  
For money we are busted  
Oh! will sunshine ever think to come again!

## MY PAL FROM HOME

His whipcord breeches slipped my eye  
The stars upon his sleeve  
I only saw he was my friend  
And back from France on leave.  
He clinched my hand, a grip of steel,  
Laughed at my feathered dome  
The same lighthearted chap I knew,  
When boyhood friends at home.

I felt the blood race in my veins  
How good indeed to see  
This chap from Boston's busy core  
Doing his bit with me.  
The khaki laddies all are friends  
No matter where they roam  
Eh, yet how different seem the ties  
Of boyhood friends from home.

The memory of the good old times  
Surge the retentive soul  
A stranger cannot share those days  
Through which they did not roll.  
We shared the same Canadian sport  
Until he crossed the foam  
To pass through Harvard laurel wreathed  
This boyhood chum from home.

He heard the drum of patriot band  
He laughed his friends to scorn  
"I'll gladly die for her I love  
The land where I was born."  
And now a gray-haired mother writes  
To a lad out on the Somme,  
Who fights to shield her and her kind  
And their beloved home.

*Written in Witley, Surrey, England in 1917 when Capt. Caldwell visited friends when on leave from his unit in France. The author had not seen his boyhood friend for years before and the joy of reunion was long remembered.*

*The Author*

## HE HAD NOT BREATHED A NAME

We hauled away from that battered wreck  
And steered for the open wave,  
As greedy tides ran awash her deck  
She slipped to her ocean grave.  
War seasoned seamen hid a tear,  
They had loved that trim Corvette;  
And the rousing times, and friendships dear  
None ever would forget.

We spied, as a dreary stillness fell  
O'er a cruel heart breaking day,  
A drifting speck in the cradled swell  
Our stricken gunner lay.  
Strong willing hands reached out for him,  
And pillowed his head to rest,  
Though knew his earthly hopes were dim  
By wounds in his naked chest.

We'd seen him last on that bloody deck  
Where the diving spiteful Hun  
Came hurtling down a flaming speck  
Before his stubborn gun.  
This gallant gunner stood his post  
Though hope of escape forlorn;  
A haggard, grimly avenging ghost  
Wooded death with a blazing scorn.

We knew as he opened startled eyes,  
The port of Heaven spied,  
One questing glance caressed the skies  
Then pensively he sighed,  
"Please tell her all was not in vain,  
Those songs of love we sung;  
Tell her to smile, and to love again,  
Romance blooms for the young".

This last fond message faltering low  
Then quit life's hallowed flame.  
That sweet farewell she will never know,  
For he had not breathed a name.  
As combers curled in their wicked glee,  
And romped 'neath the brazen sky,  
We gave him back to that hungry sea  
As guilty waves rolled by.

#### BRISTOL WARD—MAY 1st, 1918

I'm quite content in Bristol Ward,  
And independent as a lord.  
The Sisters here are very kind  
Which aids a lot the peace of mind.  
Of course my leg is wounded sore  
But what is that? It could be more.  
They wash and dress it every day  
Once more to fit me for the fray,  
Oh hang! I don't like that one bit  
It makes me blue to think of it.

I'm quite content to stay right here  
Where every Sister's just a dear.  
The blinkin' hole that's in my heel  
Will soon be well the way I feel.  
Why don't the bloomin' thing get worse?  
I'll speak about it to the nurse.  
For Brighton is a lovely place  
So say the folks with smiling face,  
I hope I soon will privileged be  
To take a stroll down by the sea,  
Of course that means I soon get well  
Then back to France, and living Hell.

## THE FAIRY MESSENGER

Somewhere from out ethereal space  
A Fairy form spoke from the gale,  
"How long must vacant be your place  
Beside the glen of Elmsdale?"

The groves look down with sombre brow,  
The gentle winds return their wail  
They hear no footsteps coming now  
Breathing the lays of Elmsdale.

The grass rimmed path circling the hill  
Where nods the "Lady Slippers," pale  
Pink and red beside the rill  
Is weeping now at Elmsdale.

The little brook that babbled sweet  
A-leaping down the mossy trail,  
Sobs out a dirge from its retreat  
And mourns their loss with Elmsdale.

It taught your soul the art of song  
The music of the quiet swale,  
It murmurs now: "How long? How long?  
Alone to chant thru Elmsdale?"

The lea be-diamonded with dew  
Folds to its breast no musing tale,  
As mused by thee who wandered thru  
The hallowed fields of Elmsdale.

No blithesome step disturbs the jewels  
That glitter on the grassy mail,  
No tender face frames in the pools  
That deck the woods of Elmsdale.

My sister fairies of the glades  
Who sprightly trip the flowery dale  
Are sad because the sylvan shades  
See thee no more at Elmsdale.

Those dancing creatures of the wild  
Who tinkle in the icy hail,  
And pattering raindrops sonnets mild  
Were pals of thine in Elmsdale.

The kiddies laughing by the lawn  
Pause for a moment on the rail,  
And feast with longing eyes upon  
Thy bungalow at Elmsdale.

They miss the one who soothed their woes  
Whose sympathies would never fail  
To dry the tears that blinding rose  
Oh, blessed heart of Elmsdale.

What are you doing, brother mine?  
Oh, tell me quick the mountains quail!  
Haste, on the breeze back o'er the brine  
I'll speed the news to Elmsdale.

"Oh, tell them, sister, of the dell  
The foes of truth our ranks assail;  
But clearer rings their funeral knell  
This from the bard of Elmsdale.

Within these glens of fire and sword  
Once skipped the fairies thru the vale;  
When all to them have been restored  
Then I'll return to Elmsdale."

## A ROOKIE'S IDEA OF INSPECTION

"You are late, man, for parade,  
What kept you so delayed?  
Remember, I gave you all your warning:  
I will give you no abuse,  
But I'll hear no poor excuse,  
You're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

And I see you did not shave,  
This crime is very grave,  
All this moss your sunburnt face adorning,  
Your boots have not been shined  
Now again I must remind  
You're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

And you did not brush your clothes,  
Your Puttee ribbon shows  
Yesterday I issued you a warning;  
And you did not shine your brass,  
Why I cannot let that pass,  
You're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

Say, you're at attention there!  
You didn't clip your hair,  
How often must I repeat this warning?  
Look straight there to your front  
Don't try to pull that stunt!  
You're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

This tomfollery's got to fade  
What? Wrestling on parade?  
I hate to be all the time a-storming,  
I don't know what you mean  
Take their names down Sergeant Deane  
They're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

Whose Commander of this tent?  
I'm on inspection bent  
Things are not according to the warning;  
With kit-bags on the ground  
And the rest piled all around  
You're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

When we come in late from town  
We get a calling down  
Some are ever ready with informing,  
And sturdy R.N.P.'s  
Are as busy as the bees  
We're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

And when you are on the street  
You pace an endless beat,  
Forget the sights the bright windows swarming,  
For should you stop to look  
Your name they are sure to book,  
You're up 'fore Co'y office in the morning.

## ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND

Dear friend of mine, it has been long  
Since we both marched to drum and song;  
We heard reveille and retreat  
The morning bugler on his beat;  
The orders given we obeyed  
The angry word was often stayed,  
The years, dear Sister, cannot scorn  
The love you gave the battle-worn.

The years are long, the seasons flow  
But in our heart will always glow.  
A fellowship deep, warm and true  
As I extend, today, to you;  
The quiet word, the friendly hand  
Is all we need to understand,  
Illusive, perhaps, but ever there  
That all-embracing love we share.

The bloom may fade, dull gleam the eye,  
But that old spirit will not die  
That spirit that so urged us on  
When dark and dreary was the dawn;  
Dear Rose, of No Man's Land, today  
So many things I'd like to say  
About those days of long ago  
When we marched forward, heel and toe.



Now we must face a brand new year  
A world still in the clutch of fear,  
The brotherhood for which we fought  
But we, dear friend, can sit and dream  
Of the long years that ran between,  
This soldier's wish is that God's hand  
Will guide you, Rose of No Man's Land.

### HE WAS YOUNG, AND SO FAIR!

He was young, and so fair!  
But he died over there,  
Far away from the land of his birth;  
Yet the calm of his face  
Had left not a trace  
Of the horror he suffered on earth.

When we laid him to rest  
With the flag o'er his breast,  
And marked his cold grave with a cross,  
And shed a last tear  
For this comrade so dear,  
And measured, in silence, our loss.

We gave him to the care  
Of the God of our prayer,  
And spoke of his friends left behind;  
Was it Mother, or Dad?  
Or a sweetheart he had?  
Or a sister, to heartaches resigned.

As we stood by his bier  
How dreadfully dear  
Seemed the lot of a hero who dies;  
And wondered again  
Has this death been in vain?  
But the grave held the only replies.

Yet we vowed as we stood  
That if ever we could,  
We'd strive for the dream of his heart,  
That those left behind  
A rich heritage find,  
With a dignity fitting their part.

But the foe on ahead  
Unheeding our dead,  
Kept pounding our thin fluid line,  
As we hurried the sod  
That consigned him to God,  
Then raced to the breach on the Rhine.

### WHAT CONTRAST THIS TO FLAMING SKIES

A chill nocturnal quiet hangs  
In pulsing silence o'er the hills,  
Sharp north winds bare their savage fangs  
And hushed are rowdy wayward rills.  
The Stargleam shares this guilty mood  
Hurling the mercury far below  
The gaunt grey birches shivering nude  
Sway tinkling softly to and fro.

Far up the mountains hoary side  
A warning whistles piercing blast,  
Bold headlight cruising far and wide  
A late express is rolling fast;  
It answers to the highball swung  
As plumes of smoke curl billowing high  
In one long trailing banner strung  
This streaking meteor flashes by.

Then faintly o'er the silky night  
Droning propellers flash of wings  
A training bomber breaks the light  
As skillfully it banks and swings  
A shadow in the silver glow  
Of stars and moon and Milky Way,  
While I entranced gaze from below  
Caught in the rapture of the play.

—Quick beating stillness now returns  
And in this breathless hush of space  
Harsh scenes of olden memory burns  
Rekindling fires that won't erase;  
What contrast, this to flaming skies  
And shell rocked lands across the sea,  
Where youthful courage still defies  
Those culls of hell's own infamy.

This we must ask with contrite heart,  
"Have I done all that can be done,  
Sincerely played my humble part  
That this cruel conflict may be won?"  
If so, the quiet of this scene  
Will settle on a faultless brow  
A fearless conscience, spotless clean  
Rewards and comforts even now.

### THE BLUENOSE SAILOR SPEAKS

My name I will not mention here  
I'm sure you'll understand,  
I am a native Bluenose son  
From Scotia's silver strand.  
In nineteen hundred forty -one  
At the age of twenty-two  
I signed aboard a Man-O-War  
The U-boats to pursue.

It was in course of duty there  
As bombs crashed from the sky  
While manning anti aircraft guns  
I saw brave comrades die—  
Amid the hell of smoke and shell  
And diving bombers roar  
As stricken tankers reared, then dived  
From sight forever more.

But little did I think or dream  
What it would mean to me  
To die upon a bloody deck  
A thousand leagues at sea.  
With quaking currents belching death  
That flamed from every side,  
As guant sea raiders blazing sank  
Beneath the hungry tide.

Lean prowling pirates of the deep  
Were depth charged from the wave  
As convoyed craft with mortal wounds  
Sank to a watery grave.  
But many brave oak hearted tars  
Will man our guns no more,  
For life has broken ranks and fled  
Where death has barred the door.

I've lived through days of mortal fear  
When death was hov'ring nigh  
A grinning spectre at my side  
As shells went screeching by;  
And rolling decks ran red with gore  
The life blood of the brave  
Who man these stout and gallant ships  
On the disputed wave.

From deep within a vibrant voice  
Speaks to the inner man,  
To warn him of approaching fate  
The ending of his span.  
That voice spoke to my anxious heart  
"Your date with death is due"!  
As we deployed our battle line  
When dark shapes hove in view.

I have a rendezvous with death  
But listen ere I go,  
I wish I had more lives to give  
To break this ruthless foe.  
This was our chore, to fire the torch  
Be yours to hold it high  
Break not that faith reposed in you  
By these brave lads who die.

I bid farewell to future dreams  
That might have been so fair  
A last adieu to staunch old friends  
God bless your thoughtful care;  
May Heaven guide my parents dear  
And help them carry on,  
I sorrow for their aching hearts  
Now their last son is gone.

### **CARRY ME UP ON YON SUNLIT HILL**

The Nurse gazed down upon the stricken lad,  
And gently stroked his restless, fevered head,  
He was so young, her kindly heart was sad  
As very softly to this boy she said  
"Dear treasured friend, you're sinking very fast,  
Is there not something you would have me do?  
Perhaps there's someone in your happy past  
Who loves, and waits so tenderly for you."

His blue lips moved, and gray eyes opened wide,  
"I have a wife, our hurried honeymoon  
Was sweet, and brief, near by the sounding tide,  
Where night winds rustled with a haunting croon:  
God bless her heart, through all these bitter years  
She never, for a moment, let me down;  
Hers is the pain, bathed in hot grieving tears  
From lovely eyes of deepest amber brown.

Please write and tell her you were very near,  
That my devotion I have left behind,  
But took with me her precious love so dear,  
Locked in my heart where only God will find.  
Now carry me up on yon sunlit hill  
Where I can watch the glory of the sky,  
And hear the lovely song birds softly trill,  
And be alone with memories to die."

His wish was granted at high golden noon,  
Their own reward his feebly grateful smile—  
"God bless you Buddies, and return please, soon,  
Then I'll have run my last long lonely mile!"  
They sought him later 'ere the twilight's close,  
With failing hand he'd etched upon the clay—  
"Dear gentle heart—" His spirit found repose,  
Strong loving hands this hero bore away.

### MY FALLEN COMRADE

But yesterday I sang for very joy of life  
As from my cot I watched the clouds drift by,  
Today that missive from the lines of strife  
That told of him, so young and strong to die.

My sky is gray, the sunshine's not so bright,  
Nor songbirds note so mellow as of yore  
Nor trees so green, and time halts in his flight  
To turn the key in memory's pregnant door.

Broad fields and hills and lakes that smile serene,  
The green tufts swaying in the timbered vale  
The racing flume, the millpond's glistening sheen  
The whirling mill that hums a thrifty tale.

The prancing team that danced along the road,  
T'wards Amherst town, while blithe their master sang  
For joy of life that in his heart abode,  
(Oh God! how deep that joyous fountain sprang).

The duck camp by the lake's soft lapping shore  
His fav'rite hound that waited but his will  
His fowling peavy now rusty in the bore  
The birch bark horn whose note is mute and still.

The rambling house, the flowery garden plot  
The cool piazza, flower scented sweet,  
The garden path where sunset's dying blot  
Stains the carnation white with golden feet.

All these weep with his household in their grief  
And mourn with me, dear comrade of the line,  
Well run your race, though seemingly so brief  
Your task's complete, a soldier's grave is thine.

Our hearts are heavy 'cause we loved you so  
You never preached, yet silent sermons gave  
On Godly living as you'd come and go  
In word and deed, in honor's cause a slave.

Farewell old comrade, loved by each and all  
A sturdy pal, a foe to cringing fear,  
To thee, dear friend, though gone beyond recall  
Our last sad tribute bring-a tear.

(Roy McLellan, Amherst, killed in action).

The following poem is a tribute to the many empty hearts that mourn the loss of someone who was very dear to them during those trying days of the Great War, and whose memory remains forever enshrined on the Altar of their remembrance.

### EMPTY HEARTS

Beneath a mound of living green  
With but a cross to mark his head,  
There sleeps my soldier lad, serene,  
Nor reck's not of his lowly bed.

A little brook goes racing on,  
With murmuring voice to join the sea;  
As on its drowsy banks I lie  
My constant Host, his memory.

In fancy's void he lingers near,  
Throughout the lonely evening hours  
In reverie I hark to hear  
Him crooning softly to the flowers.

The grass that springs above his breast,  
The gentle sighing twilight breeze,  
Bring from his lonely place of rest  
His dreams that echo from the trees.

His spirit's in the budding flower,  
The song of honey laden bee;  
His thoughts pour from each leafy bower  
To mingle joy and pain in me.

He's with me in my daily walks,  
And every task I count severe;  
He seems to comfort with his talk,  
Methinks he's very, very near.

Dear God, my grief is hard to bear  
His gentle presence was so sweet!  
A terrible longing is my share,  
This life to me is not complete!

My love for him will never wane,  
Tho' he will never come again;  
The gallant boy, the fearless man  
Who sleeps upon the fields of slain.

And often in the twilight shades  
When freely flows the pent up tears,  
I sorrow for the many maids  
With empty hearts to face the years.

I take to him my girlish care,  
In silent thought and clinging hours;  
I know he hears my every prayer  
And harkens with the shining flowers.



All through the woodlands leafy nooks,  
'Mid music laden scented air,  
I aimless wander with my books,  
For well I know my lover's there

I miss his tender fond embrace,  
The words he breathed so tenderly,  
And time can never more erase  
The sad sweet thoughts that come to me.

Oh God, my heart will surely break;  
For soon must end this transient dream,  
I cannot give, I cannot take  
I'm not to others what I seem.

How long, how long, oh gracious Lord  
Must I a pilgrim wander here,  
To mingle with the earths discord,  
And wait the Reaper to appear.

Not long, not long! the shadows fall,  
My darling's calling soft and low,  
This bleeding heart must heed the call,  
Life's cherished hopes have ceased to flow.

### **I'M GOING HOME!**

Wounded unto death that day  
In delirium he lay  
Faintly comrades heard him say  
"I'm going home!"  
Quickly then, they knelt to hear  
And impart a word of cheer  
To a chum whose end was near  
And going home.

Blue lips sighed: "I'm going home.  
Fields of death no more to roam,  
Back to friends beyond the foam  
I'm going home."  
To a warm and friendly shore  
And a bride whom I adore  
Far from ravished lands of war  
I'm going home."

"Back to home just anywhere  
Where the lakes are blue and fair  
For those tumbling waters there  
Are calling me.  
Where the monarch of the hills  
Sounds his love call to the rills  
As the crooning rivulet spills  
Its harmony.

Where the tinkling cowbells raise  
Faint far echoes through the haze  
From contented herds that graze  
Where meadows lay;  
As the lazy morning sun  
Touch the hilltops one by one,  
And the sprawling night is done  
And rolls away.

Yes, I'm going back again  
To that land of tossing grain  
To the valley and the plain  
I'll be content  
Just to toil and plan and dream  
Where no rending rockets scream,  
Or the streaking starshells gleam  
With horror bent.

Slowly consciousness returned  
Glazing eyes with fever burned  
Yet all pleas of succor spurned  
And smiling said:  
"Do not worry, friends I pray  
Peace will bloom some distant day  
Sweet contentment come to stay  
In wars foul stead."

Life for me is ebbing fast  
And my thoughts are in the past  
Dreams that were too sweet to last  
Are haunting me;  
Tell my wife and little one  
That my duty here is done  
Prematurely fate's outrun  
My destiny.

Then he turned upon his side  
And the dripping crimson tide  
Stained the cold ground where he died  
That bitter dawn;  
He was gently laid to rest  
With the flag draped o'er his breast  
So fulfilled one last request  
'Ere he was gone.

But the land he loved so well  
Near the breakers leaping swell,  
Where he longed in peace to dwell  
Will see no more  
Of this brave unselfish lad  
Sleeping near his soldier dad,  
Who died when the world went mad  
Short years before.

## UPON A SILVER SEA

Kind folks at home, my star has set,  
Have you one thought for me?  
A sailor wounded unto death  
Upon a silver sea.  
Without a friend to say goodbye,  
Or hold my faltering hand  
As strangers dress my mortal wounds  
Near by a ravished land.

This one regret I will express  
Before I bid goodbye,  
Would I could see loves answering flame  
Within her lustrous eye:  
And I could whisper words I felt  
But dared not speak before,  
When unseen forces chained my lips,  
And barred loves secret door.

But ere I pass to scenes beyond,  
And leave this cringing sphere:  
I wish that I might hold her hand,  
And feel her presence here.  
And see the light of holy faith  
Within those sparkling eyes:  
Then I could walk with carefree tread,  
The pathway to the skies.

But this sweet boon to me's denied,  
And I must carry on  
With knowledge of a duty done  
As I look back upon  
The quiet scenes of other years  
That yet will fairer be:  
This is the hope for which I die  
Upon this silver sea.

## FAREWELL TO FOLEIGH LAKE

This is not an "In Memoriam" or "Requiem" or "Lament" but to the memory of a very young and intrepid air gunner, William D. Walsh, of Foleigh, reported missing in operations over enemy territory and to all those gallant boys who are reported missing, or have paid the supreme sacrifice, and to all mothers, wives, and sweethearts of these heroes, who so courageously and faithfully keep the home fires burning, this song is dedicated.—S.M.P.

Upon a far off crimson field  
A dying bluenose lay:  
As comrades staunched his gushing wounds  
They heard him softly say,  
"Farewell, Farewell to Foleigh Lake,  
Those hills of red and gold!  
I thought to spend declining years  
Within their sheltering fold:  
But now this dream can never be,  
The paths of life are strange,  
And I must sleep forever more  
Far from my mountain range."

"In fancy, now, I see it gleam  
In twilight's tardy sun,  
A scarlet shaft from shore to shore,  
Where quivering wavelets run:  
And summer homes lurk in the dusk,  
And glad young voices sing,  
To echo in the sylvan gloom  
As cool night shadows cling:"  
His faltering voice was failing fast,  
"Tell those good friends for me,  
That I fought in these flaming skies  
So dreams like these can be."

Then as they lowered him down to rest  
When life had ebbed away  
Far from his own beloved hills,  
His spirit seemed to say,  
"Farewell, farewell to Foleigh Lake,  
That gem among the hills!

No more I'll walk those flowery vales,  
Or stroll by tinkling rills:  
Forgive dear Lord if ought I've done,  
Or sinned before Thine eyes:  
Watch o'er my mother, bless her heart!  
Hers is the sacrifice."

### A LIFETIME PACKED INTO ONE YEAR

I'm only nineteen yet what action I've seen  
Has a lifetime all packed in one year.  
And soft ties of home disappeared in the foam  
Where danger, and death, lingers near.  
We talk of life with a home and a wife,  
And children to cherish the while:  
I'm fighting to save such ideals from the grave,  
With privilege, and freedom to smile.

Deep in a part of this fast aging heart,  
Is the knowledge that I have been true  
To a splendid ideal no traitor can steal,  
Though drunk with the devils own brew.  
Though few are my years there rankles grave fears  
That the past has not done so well.  
And regardless of song something has been wrong  
To lead to the brink of this hell.

Please harken to me it's the future I see  
So hazy with an anxious concern:  
Now we've made a start let us pray from the heart  
That old ways may never return.  
A new view of life from this welter and strife,  
Free from hunger, worry, and fear.  
It's coming, God knows, when we conquer its foes,  
Let us hope the beginning is here.

## THE UNSEEN HOST

Long years have passed  
Since hushed the battle's thunder,  
Long years of toil, of suffering, and of loss  
For those whose hopes and dreams were rent asunder  
And heavy still the burden of their cross,  
Dear Comrades of this banquet table,  
The unseen Host is hovering very near,  
The spirits of our comrades over Yonder  
Who paid the price that we might gather here.

Let's raise our glass  
And drink a silent measure,  
And pay our tribute to those comrades brave.  
For only we can understand and treasure  
Such comradeship that mocked the glaring grave,  
Such loyalty and staunch devotion  
That seals the lips and binds the aching heart,  
Will rest the soul while flares life's dying embers,  
And passing feel we played the nobler part.

No more for us  
The belching cannon's booming,  
The quaking earth and horror-haunted dawns,  
No more to watch the ghostly grey lines looming  
From out the mist and waver on and on:  
Our foes, in literal sense and meaning,  
We veterans know such things should never be,  
We know how vain and useless was the slaughter,  
The Freedom fought for, still we fain would see.

## THE LONELY GRAVE IN WITLEY CHURCHYARD

Sleep on, dear pal, among the stranger dead  
Far, far, from home and your dear native land;  
A simple cross guards o'er your lowly bed  
Placed by some thoughtful stranger's hand;  
A wreath of holly on your bosom lies,  
Entwined by some fond mother dear  
Or gentle sister with tear dripping eyes  
Because your own are many miles from here.

Rest on, brave comrade, we must follow on  
To finish all that seems to have no end,  
We know not when we'll join you where you're gone  
Battered and worn, to watch with you, my friend,  
Farewell old chap, we bid you last adieu  
With heavy hearts beside your lonely bier  
Absent you were reported at Taatoo—  
Gabriel will wake you slumbering here.

## AN INCIDENT

We drop and closely hug the ground  
Warned by a fast approaching sound  
A range-true shell with seering breath  
Screams overhead its dirge of death  
With sizzling fuse and wailing shriek  
A bloody vengeance due to reek  
Where sand-bags yonder posts conceal  
As havoc trails death gutted steel  
That's hurled in ragged fragments o'er  
A hundred yards of space or more,  
We lying low, its searching spread  
Clinks futile on our steel clad head  
Unharm'd we rise and hustle on  
Into the dun flash-spotted down.

## HIGH TIDES AT NOEL

By Kenneth Wayne

A tardy sun tarried in warm crimson sky,  
As shore-ward came drifting a lone seagull's cry:  
And soft zepthers murmured a lay to console  
These high tides of Fundy that restlessly roll.

White bellied waves rearing high as they curled,  
Boomed in from far regions of some outer world.  
So mellowly muffled their bass echoes rolled  
In cold haughty splendor their prowess extolled.



I pondered its legends since maritimes dawn,  
What ships rode its bosom in days now long gone.  
I thought on its fury, what grief was its toll,  
And watched in sheer rapture these mad tides of Noel.

The learned may boast of his facts in detail,  
Another will read and his theories assail.  
The shore folk believe it's the work of God's hand  
That great tides of Fundy creep over the sand.

## GUILTY RIVER

By S. M. Parker

The muddy, tide ridden, Stewiacke River, winds its serpentine way along the outskirts of the thrifty little town of Stewiacke that boasts a population of approximately one thousand souls, who, on the fateful night of December 17, 1948, retired to rest as usual, to sleep the quiet, unbroken slumber of a people who had done their just share in the daily routine of their community life. Their peaceful dreams were untroubled by the mysterious tragedy that had struck with pitiful abruptness sometime during the quiet hours of their nocturnal slumbers, for, on the morning of December 18, 1948, a garage mechanic hurrying to work in a nearby garage, spied an abandoned, late model Dodge sedan, parked near the narrow steel bridge that spans the unpredictable Stewiacke River where it crosses the main paved highway linking St. John with Halifax.

Just the fact the car was there at this unusual hour, silent and ghost like in the chill gray dawn, caused a sensation of uneasiness, and a premonition that something was out of focus that he could hardly explain, even to himself, but drew him like a magnet toward it. On approaching rather gingerly, he found the doors securely locked, but, outside of that, everything seemed just as though the driver had stepped out for a cup of tea, and had not returned.

Everything seemed as it should be, with the luggage intact, but what was the car doing here at this unearthly hour? The more he thought of the whole uncanny setup, the more his curiosity was aroused, and soon decided this was a matter for the police, as something here was dreadfully amiss. When the police arrived, in answer

to his hurried explanations, they forced the door, and on examination for the interior, found all in perfect order, filled with expensive luggage, including a beautiful Gladstone Bag, a steamer trunk, and other odds and ends of baggage, and on the front seat was a woman's leather purse containing a goodly sum of money.

Further tests proved the car to be in excellent mechanical condition, and still showed a full tank of gasoline sufficient to carry it many miles without refueling.

Every detail within the car seemed to be as it should be with one exception. What had become of the occupants? No one could even advance a theory as to the whereabouts of the driver, or owner; no tracks were visible; no sign of a struggle, but just as though they had vanished into the chill morning air.

Papers located in the glove compartment identified the couple as a Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, of Sydney, N. S. But the 64 dollar question still remained, where were they?

The town was thoroughly combed, and all restaurants canvassed, but to no avail, no one had seen, or heard of this couple, none had seen, or heard of any one acting suspiciously. Contact was made with a son in Ontario with whom the lost pair had recently spent a short visit, but the son was as mystified as the police over the strange disappearance of his parents, who seemed to be in the best of spirits while there, and had left for Halifax, where it was soon established that they had called a few days before their car was found abandoned by the roadside in Stewiacke town.

Did they leap from the bridge? Does this dun, rust colored, waterway know more than it reveals from the surface? What bitter heartaches, disillusionment, or soul throbbing anguish, could have stricken their aging hearts to such an extent that they preferred to embrace, hand in hand, the cold murky bosom of this frigid stream, rather than trust the dark unfathomable future, when apparently they had much to live for, only God knows the answer to this tragic riddle.

Perhaps, some day, this morbid, sluggish, blood guilty Stewiacke River, may disgorge its dead, but never the secret locked forever in these cold and silent hearts.

What has gone so askew with a form of society that leads good people to prefer the torture of death rather than face the unknown quantity of an unreadable future: truly, living has become a torment

to many, or such dreadful incidents would never clutter the files of our police records as they do, or make sensational headlines for our daily papers reading like this "Man seventy years old, Wife sixty-five, vanish leaving expensive luggage, and a purse of money on seat in their car"!

"Routine stuff," say some, "No" say others, "This is a tragic blot on our smug way of life". Many more say it this way—"It has always been this way, and always will." We wonder, yes indeed, we wonder!

## GUILTY RIVER

Had zest for life in their bosom died?  
All hope for the future gone?  
Did they sink beneath the blood red tide,  
In the chill of cold gray dawn,  
Because of age with its scary gloom,  
And fear of advancing years:  
That brighter flamed this hurried doom  
Than time with its lonely tears?

The answer died in the misty dawn,  
And riddles are hard to read:  
For God, alone, looked down upon  
These two in their tragic need:  
Did ghosts of others, who went before,  
Rise up from that unknown land,  
With promised hope through deaths dark door.  
And reached for their groping hand?

What fear must lurk in the troubled soul  
Of those who would take their life!  
Where have we failed as long years roll  
That soured this man, and wife?  
But proof lies deep in this river's bed,  
Or silt in the open Bay,  
As search proved vain for the restless dead  
Society tosses away.

Our gracious Lord on His throne above  
Could never approve of this:  
For He in His everlasting love  
Knows something has gone amiss;  
Will Peter, guarding the Golden Gate,  
Say "No" with an anguished heart,  
To these two victims of cruel fate,  
Then order them to depart?

Somewhere they sleep in the clutch of death,  
Deep under the cold red tide;  
As life throbs by with its harried breath,  
Unmindful of those who died.  
We leave them there in the care of God,  
At rest in their chill dark grave,  
This murky tomb where tall trees nod,  
And the guilty waters lave.

Yet, when soft evening Zephers blow,  
Where the dune tides rise and fall,  
Do they hear the sighs of the dead below  
In a voiceless throbbing call?  
Or, does perchance the robins song,  
Lull them to a quiet sleep:  
To rest content in their grave among  
The reeds where the slow sands creep.

### BURNCOAT LIGHTHOUSE

The huge lamp oped its flaming  
And leaped across the bay  
To steer some frail and tossing craft  
That might have lost its way,  
In from the tempest, wind and tide,  
To peace beside the quay.

The weary seamen, drenched and cold,  
Behold its golden gleam,  
And grips the wheel that guides his ship  
Along the narrow stream.  
And smiles, for in beyond the tide  
His sleeping loved ones dream.

It seems that man must ever have  
A light to guide his way,  
Without its beam to gild his path  
His doddering footsteps stray.  
Praise be to God whose beacon light  
Sustains faint hearts today.

## DOWN OLD ECONOMY WAY

Speculation is rife among the people down the shore as to which way the paved road will be built, over Folly or down by Parrsboro. If scenery counts, the tourist will find one long panorama of changing beauty for miles and miles down that wonderful coastline, mountain. Pastoral and water scenery captivate the eye at every turn, twilight time is heaven time on top of Economy Mountain. There is no lovelier drive anywhere than from Truro to Parrsboro. Try it for yourself. It's different.

Try this Song on your Guitar to the tune of ("High Silk Hat and Gold Top Walking Cane.")

I took a trip not long ago  
Along old Fundy's Shore,  
Where Crisp salt sea-breezes blow,  
And booming breakers roar;  
Dank mud-flats yawning in the sun,  
Gaunt hills roll to the bay,  
And lofty green fields sloping run,  
Down Old Economy Way.

Down where Five Islands rear their head,  
With loveliness sublime,  
And mountain peaks are bathed in red—  
That tints, at twilight time,  
The gorgeous water scenes we see,  
And shimmering landscape gay—  
Prove good paved roads are bound to be  
Down Old Economy Way.

So hungry, we, and tired as sin—  
We'd journeyed fast and far;  
The haunting notes of a violin,  
And strains of an old Guitar  
Made merry while we sipped our tea,  
(Those fiddlers sure could play)  
We wished that we could always be  
Down Old Economy Way.

There every other man you meet  
Can twang those willful strings;  
And pretty girls tap dainty feet,  
And time has fleeting wings,  
Tho' I'm a stranger down that shore  
I'll do my best to pay—  
The homage due each friendly door  
Down Old Economy Way.

My comrade who accompanied me,  
(Frank Ellis from Glenholme)  
Was born beside the sounding sea  
Where Island Combers foam;  
And, like us all, still loves that spot  
Where first he saw the day—  
We cannot blame him for that thought  
Down Old Economy Way.

Now all good folk who read this rhyme,  
I trust you will forgive—  
This poet of another clime,  
Who still desires to live;  
When I scoot past in my V Eight  
You're judge and jury of my fate  
Down Old Economy Way.

## AWAY OUT IN THE INDIAN ROAD

How many of you old-timers remember the days when the Yankee boys were milling and logging around Indian Road? Plenty work, fair pay, good grub and lots of it. No one need be without a job. Below are a few verses composed in a shanty on the old King property where the Author worked at the time. Soon after it was written the hounds of war began baying and well—it changed the face of the whole world, now the smoke of a portable mill, the bluff good natured old woodsman is rapidly doing a disappearing act. The man who can cut and make ready three thousand five hundred feet of logs today is as rare as hen's teeth. But cheer up old lumber-jack, we had our day.

We're logging for MacDougall's now  
Out in the Indian Road  
Whereby some freak of Providence  
They took up their abode.  
Where the snow it piles up mountains high,  
And stinging frost will goad  
But tho' it's cold, warm hearts they hold  
Way out in the Indian Road.

At Peter McPhee's we stayed two weeks  
Upon that barren hill  
Where wind sweeps like a mad cyclone  
When all around is still.  
We slept in a bedroom facing north,  
'Neath nine big blankets stowed  
And yet our feet froze to the sheets  
Way out in the Indian Road.

Poor Billy froze his nose one night  
While lying in his bed,  
The foolish boy he never thought  
To cover up his head.  
The language that Bill uses now  
The old familiar code  
He curses low the winds that blow  
Way out in the Indian Road.

Then we agreed to board ourselves  
And build a shanty bold,  
A roof to shield us from the storm  
And from the bitter cold  
Would be as warm as where we were,  
Where cattle mournfully lowed  
From wind so chill that swept that hill  
Way out in the Indian Road.

On the border of a sheltered pond  
Our little cottage stands  
Built out of cast off lumber  
Constructed with our hands.  
Inside we had sheathing paper white,  
A comfy warm abode.  
The smell of tar was borne afar  
Way out in the Indian Road.

Five thousand a day we did lay low  
With saw and axe and toil,  
When Ben has yarded all at nights  
We then divide the spoil;  
We pass our scale to the Yankee boys  
As they bear all the load  
Soon as we've got a goodly lot  
Way out in the Indian Road.

They argue not but pass out their cheque  
That is as good as gold.  
That can be cashed most anywhere  
So I have oft been told  
We will not get rich by any means  
But toil on like a toad,  
As life is rough and the spruce is tough  
Way out in the Indian Road.



## OLD FORT EDWARD

Let us visit old Fort Edward  
Down the shining paved highway,  
Just a few miles out of Truro  
Where the tides of Fundy play.  
There's a Motel of great beauty,  
And a Restaurant is found,  
Long so famous for its service,  
Known half the world around.

With the stars of Heaven shining  
High above the silent night,  
And our bright night-lamps illumine  
This old gray historic sight.  
You may stroll down by the river,  
Cross the dark Board Landing Bridge,  
Gaze upon the rolling outlines  
Of the Onslow Mountain ridge.

It's a scene of quiet beauty  
That will touch the lonely heart,  
But must yield to crimson sunrise  
As the hosts of night depart.  
One can look out from the windows  
Of this famous dining room,  
And behold the red tide rising  
And the marshbank's glowing bloom.

Now peace reigns at old Fort Edward  
Naught but memories of old,  
And the loveliness of morning  
As the wings of day unfold.  
And we hear the boom of waters  
With the coming of the Bore,  
With its angry white mane curling,  
Sweeping all that lies before.

Romance breathes at old Fort Edward,  
Legends of a storied past,  
Most forgotten is its story,  
With the years receding fast.  
Gently breezes call the strangers,  
Come and view the Tidal Bore,  
One of Nature's crowning wonders,  
As it rolls from shore to shore.

### SPRINGHILL, WE GRIEVE FOR YOU

In deep respect, and humble heart,  
In sympathy I pen  
This song of women's love and faith,  
And stout and gallant men.  
Who suffered much down through the years,  
Please listen, if you will,  
As we this gracious tribute pay  
To people of Springhill.

In eighteen hundred and ninety one  
Back in the long ago.  
Disaster rocked this thriving town  
In one heart-breaking blow  
With dreadful loss of life that day,  
That shocked this quiet land,  
Who in their Christian fellowship  
Reached out a helping hand.

Then in November, fifty six,  
That cruel and dismal day,  
When once again, for miners trapped,  
The nation knelt to pray.  
The homage due we grant these folk  
Whose courage well was tried:  
Who clutched their grief to aching hearts,  
Nor faltered in their stride.

Misfortune with its grievous toll  
Raced down the flaming years  
In ghastly, tragic agony,  
With bitter grief and tears.  
And now cruel fate has struck again  
In a consuming fire  
That almost overwhelmed those  
With strong and brave desire.

Mere words are futile to express  
The sympathy we feel.  
But pray that heavens warmest smile  
New courage will reveal.  
God grant the future will prove true,  
This poets words instill  
New hope, and faith to carry on  
Good people of Springhill.

So please accept these greetings, friends,  
From one you do not know,  
Who truly echoes thought, and prayers,  
Of thousands thinking so.  
The stars still shine, the moon's aglow,  
The warm sun golden still:  
Lift up your eyes, embrace the skies!  
Brave people of Springhill.

Though dark, perhaps, the present seems,  
The future is aglow  
With promise of good things to come,  
Reward of what you sow.  
With all good wishes in our heart  
We pray time will fulfill  
The faith we place in you today,  
Good people of Springhill.

## LOVELY GLENHOLME

I left my own country  
To ramble afar,  
And follow the light of  
A wandering star  
That led to strange places  
Far over the foam:  
But memories linger  
Of lovely Glenholme.

I was born in this village  
Where Fundy's high tide  
Roll up the red rivers  
In turbulent pride:  
To flood the lush lowlands  
Enriching their loam,  
While tang of the ocean  
Envelopes Glenholme.

How well I remember  
The long winding way  
Where drowsy white houses  
Gaze over the bay,  
That grim taunting vampire  
Of velvet and chrome  
Intriguing and treacherous  
Not far from Glenholme.

The snug little schoolhouse  
At the bend of the road;  
Where I, with the others,  
Learned life's tangled code.  
That led me to Vimy,  
Ypres, and the Somme  
Far from the green hills of  
Sequestered Glenholme.

Tho' I am a stranger  
To my native land;  
This pride in my birthplace  
My folks understand.  
My son wears his Khaki  
While I write this poem,  
Upholding traditions  
Of hardy Glenholme.

Some day when old age  
Comes a drifting along:  
I'll return to the village  
Inspiring this song,  
And live till my passing  
'Neath her starry dome,  
Then join my ancestors  
In sunny Glenholme.

### WE LIVE BY FAITH

This earth's a gift to all mankind,  
Where they in peace could dwell;  
But in this bristling age we find  
It has not worked too well.  
The roll of science paves the way  
For satellites on high  
Where streaking Jets, and missiles stray,  
And shrieking rockets fly.

This world has shrunk since speed is king,  
And distance is no more,  
Thrice swift as swallows on the wing  
We flit from shore to shore.  
The reaper death exacts his toil  
On highways, air and sea,  
Yet faster still from pole to pole  
The outlook seems to be.

This dizzy pace we're travelling on  
Must surely have an end.  
Life's quiet leisure now is gone,  
We're not what we pretend.  
The strain of living daily grows,  
With huge increase in crime,  
What all this leads to no one knows,  
This scourge upon our time.

The mentally ill now prove a bane,  
And human life is cheap.  
Our code of culture on the wane,  
And orphan children weep.  
Some claim that Satan rules supreme,  
God has not stayed his hand.  
And others, faith will yet redeem,  
And blot the devil's brand.

Millions now feel this cannot last,  
Man will himself destroy.  
With screaming missiles hurtling past  
That reckless men deploy.  
This devastated earth will be  
A sepulchre for all.  
Death blend in bloom and leafy tree,  
And gushing waterfall.

We feel, He who created this,  
Will yet proclaim His power  
To save us from the dark abyss  
Within the final hour.  
If men give heed to Godly things,  
And curb their mad desires  
Of lust for rule with all it brings,  
Before our time expires.

## THE MOOSE RIVER TRAGEDY

The rescue of the entombed men at Moose River Mine is a matter of History, but the memory of those thrilling days will long remain. The bravery and perseverance of the Dragger crew has been lauded the world over, but the following poem is a tribute to the miraculous endurance of two of those men imprisoned far below the surface for eleven long nerve racking days. The horror of those bitter hours cannot even be imagined by those who have never experienced the life in a mine at any time. Brave were they indeed, to endure, and remain so thoughtful of others, Dr. Robertson's "Thank you" has become legendary and has done much to revive that courtesy, modern hurry has almost obliterated.

Pray listen a moment, don't hurry along  
Give ear to my story and hark to my song,  
A saga of bravery, of hardships and pain  
Of courage and patience that proved not in vain  
A nerve racking ordeal, no one can define  
Of agony and tears in a Moose River Mine.

These men had gone down in the womb of the Earth  
In search of quartz bearing free gold, and its worth,  
The cold star of Midnight from its gilded crown  
Through grey scudding cloudlets shone bitterly down  
And twinkled a warning of Nature's design  
That death lurked below in that Moose River Mine.

But all three were happy that wealth lay untold  
In those tunnelled chambers, a cavern of gold,  
The hoist man was worried but lowered away  
For what could a deck hand do there but obey  
Fear clung like a spectre as he reeled out his line  
That lowered his skip in that Moose River Mine.

The uncoiling cable dropped three hundred feet  
When three frantic signals to hoist did repeat  
An instinct within him warned him just before  
He heard from the shaft-head a dull strangled roar  
Disaster had struck them, and dreadful the sign,  
The skip was stuck fast, in that Moose River Mine.

The whole world was anxious in those awful days,  
And granted brave Miners the bulk of the praise  
As hour by hour the tension increased  
Though rescue progressed, not a moment had ceased,  
Incessantly toiling in hope for some sign  
That life lingered still in that Moose River Mine.

A hell-hole of Misery, and cold hopeless fear  
As death's skulking shadow crept silently near,  
The dripping so fretful, the damp air so chill  
That ruthless pneumonia smote frail young McGill  
All honour to miners who dug that incline  
Those three were all heroes, in that Moose River Mine.

Please pause for a moment and ponder their plight  
No knowledge of rescue, of day time or night,  
No food to sustain them, no warmth or no bed,  
No couch or no pillow to lay a tired head.  
The brave aging doctor persuing each sign  
Knew death was their host, in that Moose River Mine.

This song is a tribute to patience and cheer,  
Of love and devotion to a comrade so dear,  
The two lone survivors were overseas men  
Saw suffering and death in that far off glen  
And never gave way for a moment to pine,  
On their wretched fate in that Moose River Mine.

May time heal the horror of that reeking tomb  
Bring surcease from brooding with sunlight and bloom  
The grim haunting memory waft quickly away  
That warm thoughtful (Thank You!) forever to stay  
Their first thought of others did fondly entwine  
Respect for those Saved from that Moose River Mine.



## HERE SHALL I REST

My home I left when very young  
I had no cause to stay,  
With unkind words and scathing tongue  
I had my bitter say.  
To all good wishes tendered me  
I gave one curt reply,  
Then hoisted sail and put to sea  
Beneath a welcome sky.

The crowded years gave their reward  
And wealth and fame were mine,  
Yet all the while a mellow chord  
Hand-shaped my life's design.  
My quiet dreams were troubled now  
And clamoring voice arose  
That plagued my aging heart somehow  
Where deep emotion flows.

But now I know I never lost  
Love for my native shore,  
The gilded hillsides timber tossed  
Echo their ancient lore.  
These now disturb my fitful dreams  
And will not bid, be still!  
These voices of the wandering streams  
That tumble down the hill.

Pale echoes from the living past  
Still lingered in that part of me,  
I felt to be a dark outcast  
Where I forsook the land for sea.  
Insistently the voices grew  
In day dreams overshadowed all,  
The hills and vales are waiting you  
Along the road to Rossignol.

At eventide when crimson skies  
Burst forth in shafts of living flame,  
The breath of Heaven lingering nigh  
Breathes deeply of God's holy name.  
My humble thanks gave up to God,  
Who granted this last port of call,  
And tread the paths that once I trod  
Around the Lake of Rossignol.

Now as the long years fall behind  
I have come home to rest,  
I've swept the cobwebs from my mind  
And warm love fills my breast.  
Now on the shores of Rossignol  
Where speckled beauties play,  
I'll wait the Reaper's friendly call  
To meet my Judgment Day.

Here, the dawn light stalks the shadows  
As the humming bird, the rose,  
Clustered tree tops, chant their anthems  
As the dancing dayshine glows.  
Ruffled grouse in woodlands drumming  
Waiting for their mating call,  
As all Nature wakes to beauty  
On the shores of Rossignol.

## FLORA GRAY

The distressing story below had its setting in North Kempville, Yarmouth County in the twenties when the home of Omer Roberts was burned to the ground, and Flora Gray, his youthful housekeeper, was fatally burned. She lived long enough, after being carried from the burning building, to accuse Roberts of attacking her. He was subsequently found guilty and hanged.

I ask your kind attention  
I'll not detain you long.  
The outraged feelings of my soul  
Composed this doleful song—  
On Omar Roberts, trapper, guide,  
And prosperous in his way,  
Who took the life of one he loved,  
The fair young Flora Gray.

Tho' she was scarcely yet nineteen,  
And he was sixty-nine,  
He sued her for her youthful hand,  
She could not but decline  
As she had wondrous girlish dreams  
As happy girlhood should  
To rob her of those cherished hopes,  
She little dreamed he would.

He was a well known hunter guide,  
A man of stalwart frame  
For fifty years, the neighbors said,  
Untarnished was his name.  
News of his lovely hunting lodge  
O'er all the land had spread,  
And many a sportsman, rich and poor,  
His bounteous tables fed.

His wife had sought her Heavenly rest,  
But one short year before.  
And left him hale and hearty,  
With daughters to adore;  
But still his eye with passion bent  
On lovely Flora Gray,  
Who kept his home so cheerful, bright,  
And faithfully earned her pay.

On the last evening of her life,  
While reading in her room,  
Old Omar Roberts entered in  
Like a spectre from the tomb.  
She sprang up from her dainty bed,  
And ordered him to leave,  
What happened in that fateful room  
I leave you to conceive.

She flung at him her strength and pride,  
With features pale and drawn,  
Death was her price, for virtue's sake,  
Before the pale grey dawn.  
Foiled in his purpose he procured  
A tin of gasoline  
He had prepared in readiness,  
Where it could not be seen.

He soaked the clothing in her room  
Then set the place on fire;  
To take this young girl's precious life,  
Seemed his one mad desire.  
He heard her screams, but knew himself  
The only one who could,  
And waited till they died away  
Then roused the neighborhood.

Swiftly the people gathered round,  
And sought young Flora's room  
To rescue one they loved so well  
From out that burning tomb.  
While Roberts worked incessantly,  
His household goods to save  
And little recked a fair young life  
Was sinking to her grave.

Try as they would, the heat and flames  
Would beat them back again,  
When from that smoking hell came forth  
One low sad moan of pain.  
They tried once more and gained the room  
Where conflagration reigns  
And underneath her cot they found  
Her nude and charred remains.

## THE GYPSY QUEEN

Will love go where we send it? or will it go where the promptings of that part of us so little understood calls it to go? These questions are far beyond the understanding of mere mortals to explain and the author does not attempt to answer them. I only tell the tragic love story below.

She bade me a shy "Good morning!"  
As she tripped o'er the lawn,  
Her voice sweet as the oriole,  
Eyes like a timid fawn.

Hair as wavy as tossing seas,  
Cheeks like the rising moon,  
Tempting her lips as cool red wine,  
On a warm day in June.

Her brow as fair as lilies bloom,  
Her bosom whiter far—  
Than the milky way on a spring night,  
Or gleam of evening star.

The gems that shone from flowing hair,  
Her diamonds rare to view,  
That sparkled from her shapely hands,  
Outshone the morning dew.

My heart cried out "You love her so!  
The fairest ever seen;"  
But my soul rose up in protest,  
"She's but a Gypsy Queen."

I'd seen this Maid for many morns  
In passing to and fro  
Along the path where Cupid led,  
And I was wont to go.

True love quarreled in my heart for her  
And wrecked my peace of mind;  
I felt my only refuge was  
To leave her far behind.

I sailed away to distant ports  
I sought but to forget;  
But everywhere in haunting dreams  
Her fair sweet face I met.

This pain I bore a lonely year,  
Then forced me to return  
To seek that lovely Gypsy fair  
Amid the hillside fern.

I sought her home by flowery path  
That led through garden wall,  
But found her by a murmuring brook—  
Where softly waters fall.

Her head drooped forward on her breast,  
Her hands clasped o'er her knee;  
The image of despair she sat  
Beneath a cedar tree.

I marvelled at those downcast eyes,  
Such beauty to behold;  
A wave of love swept o'er my heart  
That's sweeter felt, than told.

"Dear heart," burst forth those simple words,  
I could not utter more:  
Their source o'erflowed with feeling true  
Within my bosom's core.

Like a sweet Child that's caught in guilt,  
She gave a smothered cry,  
"Oh Stranger it is you!" she choked,  
Then clutched the branches by.

Her breath came fast in halting sobs,  
With laughter and in tears,  
She was beside herself with joy  
That quelled my anxious fears.

"And you have loved me ever, dear?"  
She murmured o'er and o'er,  
"And stranger how I have loved you  
Since first you passed my door."

"But dearest, if you love me so,  
Do kiss this mist away  
That hides you from me, 'darling'  
In flecks of silvery spray."

She nestled closer in my arms,  
She was so pure and sweet,  
I could not speak, nor reckon time  
In moments flying fleet.

Until I kissed her lips again,  
Then terror stayed my breath;  
Her soul had fled its dwelling place,  
Sweet Madge lay cold in death.

Her lifeless form lay in my arms,  
And anguish on my heart;  
My cup of sorrow overflowed  
To rend my hopes apart.

I bathed her face with bitter tears,  
And mourned my day of birth,  
That cheated me of all I craved,  
The sweetest gem on earth.

And in my misery I prayed  
That I might clasp her hand,  
And roam with her eternally  
Within that happy land.

But now a monument stands guard  
Upon a sacred spot—  
Mid flowers gay, and waving fern,  
Within her garden plot.

Upon this monument these words  
Carved deep in marble stone—  
"She died for a passing stranger  
His name to her unknown."

When lonely now I think of her  
Whose grave is growing green,  
And there I stray to kneel and pray  
For my lost Gypsy Queen.

### THAT WINSOME LAKE

A winsome lake among the hills  
Beside a lonely trail,  
I harkened to its joyous trills  
That echoed down the vale.  
Its lisping song of quiet praise  
Was borne upon the breeze,  
The gentle notes of ancient lays  
Entranced the listening trees.



A shy deer wandered near the shore,  
A lordly moose stood by,  
His antlers strength and beauty bore  
Above a regal eye.  
The Monarch of the sheltered swales  
King of the timbered glen,  
This graceful creature never fails  
To thrill the hearts of men.

Primeval glory lingers here  
In this, our fruitful land,  
May breath of angels bending near  
Guide well our groping hand.  
Dear God, Creator of these things,  
May peace instead of guns,  
Spread over all your velvet wings  
To bless our native sons.

### THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

We stirred the coals as the night grew chill,  
And the guardroom creaked with cold;  
Then stretched and yawned as the darkness fawned,  
And dull creeping hours tolled  
With a measured beat in their dark retreat  
Where grey hills frowned, still, and cold.

And we gazed where northern stars caress  
Blue ice on the frozen seas,  
As streaky lights shot a milky white  
High over the naked trees,  
To dance and swing like a filmy thing  
Caught up in a wayward breeze.

They leaped the ramparts of the sky  
Festooned by their changing play,  
To flash and flare in the midnight glare,  
Then paled as they died away  
To shoot again in a quivering vein  
Where clouds glowed silvery grey.

So fair and lovely beyond a dream,  
How little we've come to know  
The baffling sight of the Northern Light  
Based deep in the Arctic floe;  
Though oft we gaze in sheer amaze,  
And marvel it should be so.

Yet ignorant, we, of this midnight sun,  
Or source of its frigid lair  
Where tundras gleam, and the frozen stream  
Knows only the polar bear,  
And the Arctic fox, and the reindeer walks  
Where the trappers seldom dare.

Of bold and intrepid men who go  
To seek with exploring mind,  
Few have returned, and the knowledge earned  
Is of horror they left behind  
In that devil's land where an evil hand  
Holds a death lease sealed, and signed.

### THE TIDAL BORE

Have you seen the red tide creeping,  
Crawling in from out the Bay  
Heard the land-locked wavelets grumble  
As the river bars their way?  
Every aspect fascinating,  
Timeless its enchanting lore,  
Punctual as the crimson sunrise  
Is this ageless tidal bore.

Have you seen the river waters  
Hurled back in their narrow bed?  
Up its mud-lined twisted channel  
By the mountain freshets fed.  
Shades of mystery confound you,  
Even skeptics can't ignore,  
So intriguing, so relentless,  
Rolls the foam-flecked tidal bore.

As we gaze in puzzled wonder  
At this miracle we see,  
And a pulse beats deep within us  
Pondering how this can be;  
Though the moon may have the power  
As we have been told before,  
Yet an enigma to the layman  
Is this far famed tidal bore.

### THE HOMING EXILE

All Maritimers leaving home  
Have not that itching urge to roam,  
But feel that in some distant land  
Can earn and have more cash on hand.  
Most plan when they are rich in store  
Again embrace their native shore;  
This homing exile may remain,  
The young will go, there's little gain.

And yet we wonder if the ones  
Who pulled up stakes and spiked their guns  
Had paused, and given deeper thought  
To staying here, the things they sought  
May well be found awaiting here  
The master touch, it would appear  
That youth and vigor could restore  
This land as was in days of yore.

A new approach is needed here  
Within these lands we cherish dear;  
New visions with the will to do,  
New plans with a united view.  
These Maritimes should all be one  
Supported by each youthful son,  
One voice, one plan, to carry out,  
Shake off self-pity, fear and doubt.

## COPY CATS

From the moment we are born  
Until Gabriel winds his horn  
We have to learn the hard way as we go.  
We will imitate our mother,  
Our sister or big brother,  
Because imitation is the only way we know.

But our young years quickly pass.  
Then we're pushed out with the mass  
Maybe then these rules should not apply  
When decisions must be made,  
And not too long delayed,  
The answer here is up to you or I.

Now there is another side  
That many folks have tried  
To be different just because we want to be.  
We are acting then contrary  
Of this attitude be wary  
Only if our conscience should decree.

We should ponder, watch and hear,  
For good things that may appear  
Then double check to see where we are at.  
Sift from life the good and true  
Fear not what the world may do.  
But be sure of what we copy, copy cat!

## HOW SILLY

The world just evolved you will hear scientists say  
Through millions of eons that have drifted away;  
And the mighty old ocean just dropped out of space  
And without guiding hand has been keeping its place.  
While the soft silver moon it evolved from somewhere  
And like a good moon, is just lingering up there;  
And the bright stars that twinkle far, far in the sky  
Evolved their own splendor to please you and I.

The green herbs, the flowers, the species of trees  
Sprang up from the subsoil as spry as you please;  
The millions of flowers, the birds with their song,  
Just came out of nowhere when passing along.  
The beautiful lake, and dark rivers that flow,  
The warm rain of summer, the white winter's snow;  
How all this just happens we can't understand  
Without the influence of a guiding hand.

We build our own houses, frig, tractor and cars  
And every small gadget, like fruit-packing jars.  
We must keep designing to stay in the race  
As nothing for us seems to fall into place.  
Now how we can feel this big world did just that  
As a wild baseless theory quite senseless and flat.  
It is simply absurd that land, sky and sea  
Could evolve out of nothing we must agree.

## DO UNTO OTHERS

Do unto others what you would  
That they should do to you.  
Though gray with age it still holds good  
And ever will prove true.

This little world wherein we move  
Would better be by far,  
If we would set our minds to prove  
With this our guiding star.

In lands of earth with tumult torn  
Forgetting are the wise  
Who treat this truth with haughty scorn  
When vexing problems rise.

It's man humanity to man  
That makes this world go round,  
How gracious is this cherished plan  
Wherever it is found.

But inhumanity today  
Is rampant on this earth  
Until its wrath melts away  
How little life is worth!

Our brother is our brother still  
And ever will remain,  
No peace can we enjoy until  
We wash away this stain.

What gave the others this vaunted pride  
That they should rule supreme?  
And scorn the souls we live beside  
This empty, baseless dream.

This earth was given to mankind  
That we should happy be,  
And not to wander, sick and blind  
Like flotsam on the sea.

But we must strive as each one should  
To make this theme come true  
To do to others what we would  
That they should do to you.

### THE CHINESE FATHER

A Chinese father checked his brood  
His wife and children four,  
Two splendid boys, two lovely girls,  
No one could ask for more;  
Then raised his eyes to far-off skies  
And stared as in a dream,  
The tragedy of years was there  
That old familiar theme.

The struggles he had made to live  
Were stamped upon his brow,  
The memory of his thwarted hopes  
Were vivid with him now.  
And when he turned his eyes they burned  
With love and joy and pride,  
With all the hardships he endured  
These wonders had not died.

The wisdom of an ancient race  
Shone in his tired eyes  
Old proverbs such as Solomon  
So very good and wise.  
With bowed head he softly said,  
Embracing next to kin,  
"I have me such a lovely home  
No house to put it in".

We trust our readers understand  
This simple metaphor  
He felt his family was his home  
But needed something more.  
It seems that we should try to be  
More like this humble man  
Regard our family as a home,  
A house an added span.

### WE PONDER

On this couch where resting, I ponder the past  
And trends of the present we feel cannot last,  
With all our invention, and many worth while  
The world is deluded and governed by guile.

In this age of hurry, to get here and there  
Few hours are left us, old friendships to share,  
The footsteps of progress, that march by our door,  
Revamp the old ideals we cherished of yore.

Automation is thriving and scheming to stay,  
But where it will lead us, none living can say.  
Increased are life's hazards to the young and the old,  
And lessens the chances for youth to unfold.

We are worried and anxious with tension and fear,  
And seek for an answer that does not appear,  
At rest here I wonder about the old days,  
More happiness lingered than these modern ways.

But faith in our Maker helps us understand  
What the Good Book has told us is now near at hand.  
Through long years of waiting so little was done,  
Now in this short season great achievements are won.

In this age of hurry to get here and there,  
Few hours are left us, old friendships to share.  
The footsteps of progress that march by our door  
Revamp the ideals we cherished of yore.

## LOVE, THE MASTER, STOOPS TO CONQUER

Do not say my plans are hopeless  
Turn not from my love so true;  
Faithful as the star of evening,  
I would ever be to you.  
Tenderly my love shall linger  
Radiant as the evening's glow,  
Trust me, darling, and believe me,  
Heartaches you shall never know.

I have searched this wide world over  
Journeyed to each far off land,  
Now I know my search is over  
As I hold your soft white hand.  
Voices deep within my bosom  
Whisper that you love me too,  
Listen to these pleading voices,  
That are calling, calling you.

Love, the master, stoops to conquer  
With its promptings, sweet and mild  
Hand in hand we'll live its promise  
To its mysteries reconciled.  
Do not waver with your answer,  
Do not trifle with my heart,  
Those in love should not be trifling,  
Aimlessly, so far apart.



Lonely years I've waited, longing  
For the moment such as this,  
When I'd hear your promise given  
Feel the rapture of your kiss.  
Trust and faith will mold our dreaming  
Heaven smiles on love like ours;  
Sweeter than the breath of Springtime  
Lingering on the budding flowers.

### HEALING WOOD

Into the woods with snowshod feet—  
Thoughts distorted and incomplete  
Fretted, and ill at ease, he went;  
The snow broke softly beneath his feet,  
The tall trees murmured a rich content;  
And the balmy woodland air was sweet.

Rains, imprisoned beneath the snow,  
Sonnets whispered deep below,  
A joyful chant from icy fold;  
The creamy sheen of glist'ning snow—  
Contrasting green of hemlocks old,  
Immersed his soul with a peace untold.

Out of the woods he blithely came—  
Free from the scourge of restless flame,  
Rested, and healed in soul and mind,  
Born anew from the woods he came,  
Leaving his thoughts behind,  
The hours spent in the woods were king.

### SHADOWS REMAIN

If I could only have your presence  
So gentle, kind and true;  
The beauty of this Autumn morning,  
Dear sweetheart would bring to you.  
I'd bring you roses from our garden,  
Where marigolds are blooming fair:  
But all, like me are very lonely  
Because, my darling you're not there.

The dawn light breaks above the mountains  
The shadows in the valleys flee;  
The landscape bathed in golden glory,  
But shadows still remain with me.  
Then hand in hand we watch the sunrise,  
Or moonbeams guild the silent night,  
The beauty of cool twilight closing,  
As dayshine flee in sudden flight.

Now at the cool capricious morning,  
Things crimson o're a drowsy sky;  
When drifting thoughts afar will wonder,  
As sleepless on my cot I lie.  
While in a quiet spot you're resting,  
Your pain and sorrow left behind,  
But we will walk again in splendor  
When, God his earth has redesigned.

### COULD THIS BE YOU

There are so many folk we know  
You find them everywhere,  
Who join each movement on the go  
But seldom ever there.  
And when their requiem has been sung,  
And their life story told  
Their great achievements on each tongue  
Is multiplied tenfold.

It puzzles us why this should be  
And wonder what they seek,  
As the few times they come to see  
They seldom make a squeak  
The work evolves on one or two  
Who all the burdens bear,  
And criticized by this same few  
Who never do their share.

There is a place for those who join  
To ponder in your heart,  
If you would join them gird your loin  
Pitch in and do your part.  
If it's not worth your time and skill  
Then pass the project by  
But when you sign, why not fulfil  
It's surely worth a try!

### NOTHING NEW

We're prone to brag how we so clever are,  
And take the credit for inventing many things.  
We can compute the mileage to a distant star,  
And fling a rocket high on roaring wings.  
We boast atomic powered submarines—  
The guided missile on its deadly run,  
But do we pause and ponder in between  
There still is nothing new under the sun?

We watch the jet plane streaking through the sky  
To break the stubborn barrier of sound,  
As cargo laden liners hurry by  
On tractless trails to link the world around.  
The marvelous gadgets that we now employ  
That untrained minds the centuries outrun,  
And we are thankful all these we enjoy  
Still there is nothing new under the sun.

Gold, silver, nickel and uranium find  
Were ever with us through the ages down,  
The molecules and atom now designed  
To meet some needs of questionable renown  
Were always here awaiting our command.  
We only gathered scattered forces into one  
The great Creator put these things on hand,  
And there is nothing new under the sun.

## PLANNING

I sat me down to think and plan  
But soon I rose again.  
It seemed so senseless that a man  
Should plan so much in vain.  
For it's as true today as then  
When Burns was heard to say  
"The best laid plans of mice and men  
So often go astray."

With Robbie Burns we must agree  
So many plans will fail,  
It brings heartbreak to watch and see  
Them tumbling down the trail.  
For life moves ever on,  
Though bleak the outlook, swift the pace  
Uncertain is the dawn  
Along the paths we have to face.

In planning things full well we know  
Our future is unsure,  
But well-laid plans before we go  
Forever should endure.  
The humble say, "If I am spared  
These are the things I'll do",  
If things go wrong, well you have dared  
And to yourself were true.

In case old Nature takes a whack  
Provisions should be made:  
Should our front door be draped in black  
Our friends won't be dismayed.  
The Christian thinker plays his part  
And takes the longer view  
With God's assurance in his heart  
As all of us should do.

## WHY MUST THIS BE

When suffering wears our spirit down  
And courage cracks beneath the strain,  
We wonder if that golden crown  
Is worth the price we pay in pain.  
We see our friends from everywhere  
In health and strength they work and dine,  
And cry out in our dark despair  
"Why must this agony be mine!"

So many doubt the word of God  
Nor understand the devil's play  
But only know he walks abroad  
And croons a most enticing lay.  
And when we're safely in his net  
Too late find out his vile design,  
And then resort to tears, and fret—  
"Why must this agony be mine!"

Within our heart is born a song  
That whispers hope to you and me,  
And clearly warns of right or wrong  
To some in great or less degree.  
God made it plain that His desire  
That man with peace and love entwine,  
This would not words like these inspire,  
"Why must this agony be mine!"

Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done  
On Earth, our gentle Saviour taught,  
Then all this land beneath the sun  
Shall be a much more tranquil spot,  
Transformed again to Paradise  
As God's original design,  
Then hushed will be these anguished cries  
"Why must this agony be mine!"

## DREAMS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

I held her frail and wrinkled hand  
And gazed into her eyes,  
And saw what I could understand  
The light of far-off skies.  
I felt the tide of mem'ry flow  
As cherished years unrolled,  
And knew her heart was all aglow  
With dreams that ne'er grow old.

Though bloom of youth has left her brow  
At four score years and ten,  
A gentle beauty lingers now  
As beautiful as then;  
A wealth of wisdom graced her smile  
That years of living toiled  
With tenderness each measured mile,  
And dreams that ne'er grow old.

And bending low I stroked her hair  
As in my heart I cried,  
Why must these burdens that I bear  
Be ever at my side.  
Why not, like her, make life a song  
Shaped in a gracious mold,  
Serenely as we drift along  
With dreams that ne'er grow old.

This truth intrigued receptive mind  
That we should curb desire,  
And surplus baggage toss behind  
And seek what we admire.  
Strive for the good of sweet content  
A strong just code uphold,  
Then live, like her, when years are spent  
With dreams that ne'er grow old.

## GIVE YOUR NAME

Should you meet one on the street  
Walking with their measured beat,  
If they're someone you may know  
Step right up and say, "Hello",  
Friend, my name is so and so!  
Do not pause and make them guess  
They embarrassed, might confess:  
"Sorry, friend, I cannot see,  
Would you tell your name to me?"

It seems best that you proclaim  
Who you are, from whence you came;  
This request is not unkind,  
Should you try it you will find  
It gives pleasure to the blind,  
Will not put them on the spot,  
And they'll bless you for this thought.

When the shades of night are drawn  
And the dayshine almost gone,  
Difficulties may arise  
For the blind to recognize  
With their darkly shadowed eyes;  
When you greet these folks you know,  
GIVE YOUR NAME with your "Hello".

## THEY WALK IN SHADOWS

They walk in shadows in the golden noon,  
And in the velvet hush of eventide  
When crickets lull with their enchanting tune  
Awaken mem'ries of a boon denied.  
Their lazy vision really never knew  
The haunting hues of our gorgeous flowers  
In Autumn's splendor blushing warm and true,  
Or nesting songsters in leafy bowers.

There's no one knows but those who bear the cross  
The endless counting of the bitter cost,  
Until they reconcile their tragic loss  
And face the truth, it is forever lost,  
To those who never knew the precious boon,  
Know not perhaps the aching void and tears,  
But in compassion let us pray that soon  
Such things will vanish with the coming years.

### EVERY INCH A MAN

In a store two men were talking  
Gruff old timers—not of kin,  
When a tall chap came in walking  
With a warm contagious grin.  
It was clear all were acquainted  
As they shook hands all around,  
A real picture often painted  
Where good fellowship is found.  
The new comer, after greeting,  
Moved along about his chore.  
Seeing his gaunt form retreating  
The two cronies left the store.  
“Well,” quoth one friend to the other,  
“Jim is sure one splendid guy,  
You can trust him, like a brother,  
On his word you can rely.”  
Said the other, once a teacher,  
From a gifted cultured clan,  
“He’s a friend to every creature  
And is every inch a man!”  
What a tribute to this fellow  
From his comrades, Dick and Dan,  
Wrapping up life, warm and mellow  
IN “He’s every inch a man!”

### BE OURSELVES

Why not be just ourselves at work,  
Or out on the field at play,  
Why should we try as years go by,  
To live any other way.



If we wish to sing, then let us sing  
The ditties we love and know,  
And, if indeed, we enjoy to read  
Then help the habit grow.  
If we try to be what we are not  
Our life is a living lie.  
The day will come as it has for some  
When we wake up with a sigh,  
To find ourselves an empty shell  
With an aching void within.  
The hollow sham like a battering ram,  
Weighs down like a ton of sin  
Are we robots that must conform,  
Whether we feel it right or wrong  
When in our heart we want no part,  
But spinelessly tag along.  
Let us be ourselves, and live ourselves  
And let the world roll on,  
Be sure we're right then follow the light  
That leads to a rosy dawn.

### DRIFTING WITH TIME

Dreary is the day and cold  
Yet I'm resting here content,  
In this warmly sheltered fold  
Where my leisure time is spent,  
Now I'm waxing gray and old  
With the years so careless spent.

In this heaven there is peace  
There is time to think and pray  
That these troubled rumors cease  
And the war clouds drift away.  
Though tension still is on the increase  
And may linger long, or stay.

Yet it fills ones heart with sorrow  
For the young folks racing on  
Into the unsure tomorrow,  
And the warlords' ruthless pawn.  
And it gives no ease to borrow,  
Sombre thoughts to dwell upon.

This day may be dreary and cold  
And time move relentless along  
The cross will return to us, gold,  
If courage remains ever strong.  
New ideals for life be unrolled,  
When God changes sorrow to song.

### HE HAS PROMISED

Play life's game, and play it squarely,  
Is the theme of Gods desire:  
Run the race, but run it fairly,  
Though our footsteps lag and tire.  
Keep our courage high and burning,  
And our eye upon the goal.  
Seek no shady short-cut turning  
That would soil a spotless soul.

God has given His sure promise  
That the righteous shall prevail,  
This has not been taken from us  
Though the earth is in travail.  
Lift your eyes to heaven, Neighbor,  
Read His message there to day.  
The foul creed of gun and sabre  
From this sphere shall pass away:  
For the Lord of Hosts has spoken  
And His judgment's just and true,  
This great Covenant's unbroken  
Since He pledged His word to you.

### IS IT BEST

The world is now so mechanized  
That work is out of style,  
The simple chores we did to earn  
Are not thought worth our while.  
We now have gadgets 'round about  
To save our precious time,  
And yet it seems more difficult  
To pass a healthy prime.

The rush of life is bearing down  
And takes a tragic toll,  
The good old days were simple days  
And under our control.  
Now every movement good or ill,  
Too soon gets out of hand  
The rat race is a sordid one,  
And hard to understand.

As more machines take over work  
And populations rise,  
And manual labour disappears  
With all that this implies,  
Give rise to worry, greed and fear,  
As dark the future seems  
But humble faith and trust in God  
Will nourish all our dreams.

### KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT WISDOM

There's a great increase in knowledge  
For the young folk of today,  
More than ever go to college  
Where the gods of learning stray.  
Gaining knowledge without wisdom  
And we wonder why they fail,  
It's the same in Banff or Lisbon  
All give forth a sorry tale.

We spend millions now to teach them  
As the years go marching on,  
Many claim class does not reach them  
But goes drifting far beyond.  
So they leave the seat of learning  
Knowing little what to do  
This plain fact we are discerning  
As we seek to find a clue.

When their high school grades are finished  
And they walk out in the sun,  
With their pocket book diminished  
Problems here have just begun.  
It's our system still outmoded  
And a salary boost the goal  
Then it's time it was decoded  
Ere we have a mounting toll.

### THE LAST REQUEST

The aged man sat in his chair  
And gazed across the hills,  
And watched the golden sunset flare  
Above the shadowed rills;  
Drank in the glory of the skies  
Cheeks damp with misty tears,  
And mirrored in those tear-damp eyes  
The tragedy of years.

This was his home he'd built so well  
With honest toil and pride,  
He'd met disaster as it fell  
His good wife by his side;  
But now his face is lined with age  
His tottering footsteps slow,  
He turned life's bleak and farewell page  
As past fond memories flow.

The young folks though so very kind  
Feel he is in the way,  
They have a grand rest home in mind  
Where he may go and stay;  
He asked of them one last request  
This boon was not denied,  
And there beside his place of rest  
He stumbled, fell and died.

## SOLITUDE IS RESTFUL

Over the hills and far away,  
Out to spend a glorious day;  
Away from the jarring cares of life  
Far from the humdrum and the strife.  
Out where the trees are red and gold  
Where mists curl up from the valleys fold.

Up to the hilltops and look down,  
Under the star's soft twinkling crown;  
Over the sea of mist and gloom  
Hung where the meadows silent loom  
Beauty, truth, and hope's abroad,  
And a quiet presence, can it be God?

To sit and dream 'neath a moonlight sky,  
'Mid rustling leaves and nightwinds sigh:  
To ponder on life's tangled skein  
Its grief, the fear, the tears, the pain,  
And feel how puny these things are  
Compared with one bright shooting star.

## THE EARTH ABIDETH FOREVER

In that great book packed with wisdom  
Where the prophet wrote therein,  
Gives us many texts to ponder  
And it's time we did begin  
Take this book for now and read it,  
And we'll find without a doubt  
That the sermon, man has given  
Left the vital portions out.

In the good book of Isaiah  
It has this, you'll find, to say  
That the earth abides forever  
And will everlasting stay.  
Though the world and its vain systems  
Will be swept by fire and sword,  
Yet the earth itself abideth  
Is the promise of our Lord.

In the time of brave old Noah  
When the dreadful deluge came  
Swept the whole world to oblivion  
Yet the earth survived the same,  
When the dark flood had receded  
There the earth was fresh and fair,  
And it will abide forever  
For God's word does so declare.

### SELF SATISFIED

The ones we find self satisfied  
In what they do, and where they are,  
Who never have aspired or tried  
To scale the summit of a star;  
Who never felt the urge to dare,  
Feel all is right and nothing wrong,  
Will never climb the golden stair  
But hinder as they coast along.

We feel that those dissatisfied  
Are aids to progress at its best  
They feel each question must decide  
Nor leave the issue to the rest;  
Though they may feel the set-up grand  
They seek to make it better still  
As new inventions come to hand  
That many fruitful dreams fulfill.

If all sat down without a thought  
Of changing ideas worn and old.  
This world would be a stagnant spot  
Such static systems slowly mold.  
There's nothing perfect that we know  
And on improvement we depend  
To ease life's journey as we go,  
So luck to you, our restless friend.







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